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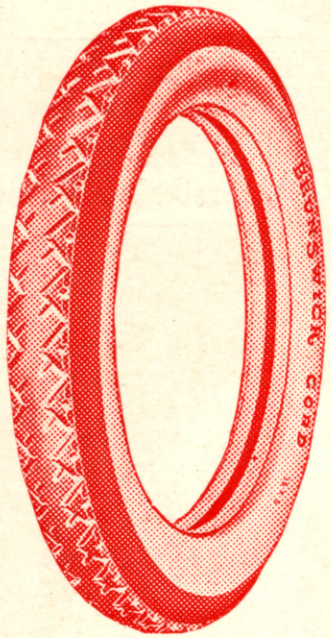

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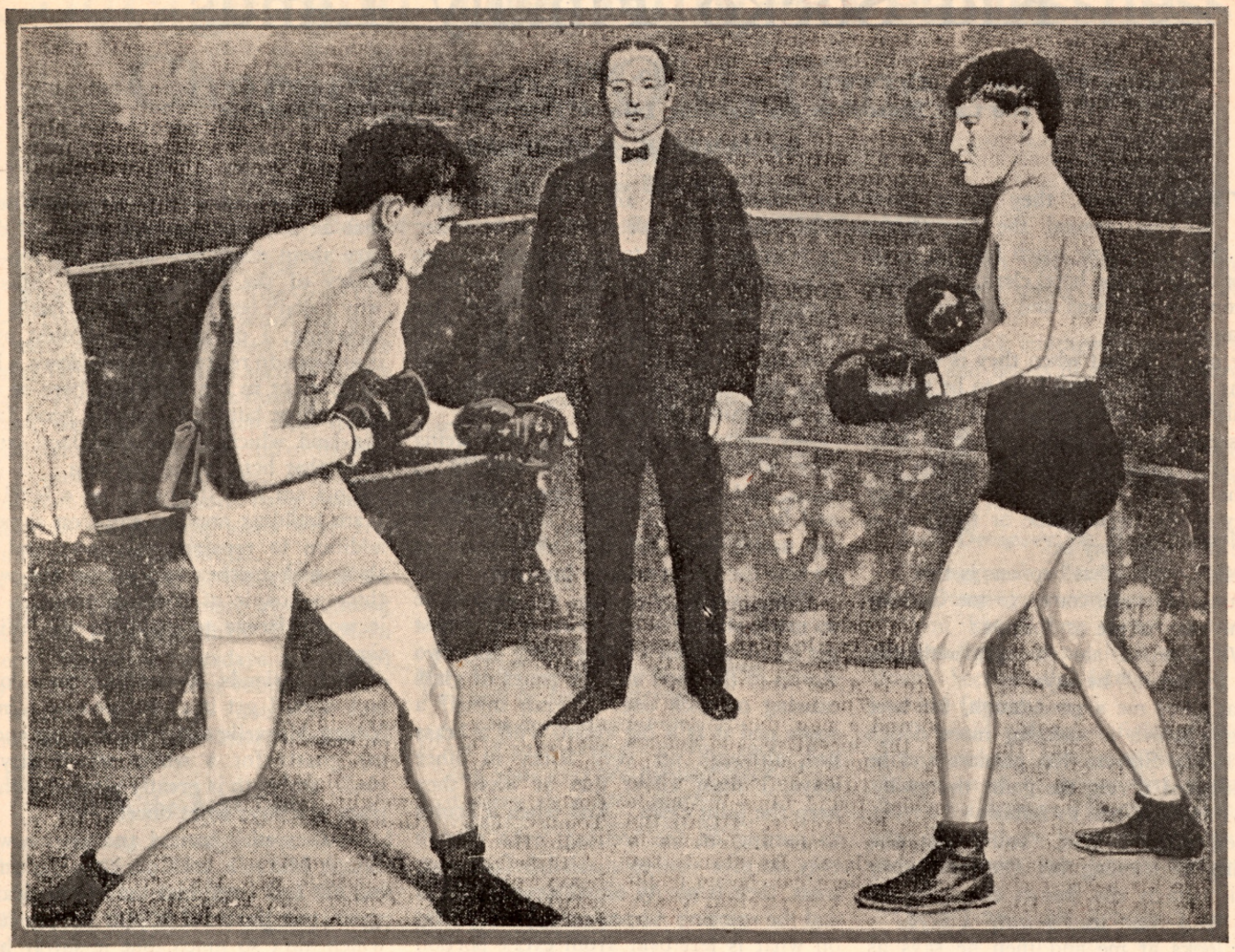

Terry McGovern (left) and Young Corbett in their bout at Hartford on November 28, 1901, when Terry was knocked out in the second round (*Copyright* THE RING *Photo*)

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Kid Socko Finally Lands

No. XVI

The Last Episode in the Exciting Life of This Famous Boxing Character

By JAMES K. McGUINNESS

WELL, friends, they is no good sticking around the Big Town when they is nothing much for you to do except to say to the hotel clerk, how much did you say that was and write a check for same.

My motto is that when they is nothing coming in that is a bad time to be paying out, although I must admit that they does not seem to be much chance to keep away from same, in especially on the first of the month and also on the other twenty-seven, twenty-nine or thirty days as the case note may be.

Well, friends what happens is this.

Young Marvelle comes to me one day and he says to me as follows:

"Well, kid, I am through with this game for good," he says.

That gives me a good laugh, for here is a guy which is makeing more dough than Harry Stevens has peanuts and he is talking of giving the game the go-by.

So I answers him as follows:

"Yes, kid," I says, "and I am also thinking of running for President, only they is nobody else knows about it, and I will keep your dead secret," I says.

He looks at me and then he says as follows:

"This ain't the works. This on the up-and-up. I'm through. I'm finished. I quit."

Well, friends, by this time I am beginning to believe him and a dumb suspicion comes to me.

"Who is the broad?" I asks.

Well, he says, it is my wife and they is no use trying to get away from what she says, he says, because I know that she means it and she would not marry me unless I agreed to stop fighting and I am through, he says. No more for me. I got enough jack to last me for all my life and you got enough to last you until some wise guy sees you and takes it away, he says. That is all they is to it, he says, and let us part good friends.

What about the championship, I asks.

What about it, he says. I don't want it. You can have it if you can find someone to grab it for you, but my advice to you is to go back somewheres and find yourself a little grocery store, or maybe a garage or something and keep away from this town where the only thing they have ever give you is a billet dukes which says, Please Remit.

Well, friends, we shake hands at that and there it is. I am in there swinging with not even a towel in my hands. They is nothing for me to do and pretty soon I am convinced that they is no hope of Young Marvelle changing his mind, like I hoped for a while, on account of me meeting his missus and finding out that once she makes up her mind he is through, he is certainly through.

My motto is they is no use of wasteing time when it is costing you jack to do same, and after a short time I pack up and head for Back Lots, Ohio, which is my native burg before I leave home to go into the blacksmithing business.

Well, friends, they does not seem to be so much about the old town when I first get in, on account of they being only two stories to the hotel and six panes of glass missing on each one. I grab myself a room and it is a big room, with a brass bed, although not very Ritxy in other ways, I must admit that at least they keep the joint clean. And when it comes to putting on the feedbag, even though they do give you your salad before your meat, they is plenty of whatever there is and the starving Armenians would get fat on what is left over from every portion they shove your way.

Well, friends, the first thing I do is to get myself a Ford like the rest of the folks around there has and they is a lot of fun to be had with hunting trips, and some freshwater fishing and one thing and another, with one and all entertaining me and all very anxious to hear about the fighters which they see the names of in the Cincinnati papers.

Well, friends, the first month goes by and I get the shock of my life on account of my board bill being all of thirty bucks and it seems I also owe the garage fifteen for storage of my flivver and gas and some other odds and ends like a couple of spare parts. So I am set back about seventy bucks in all for a month, and I have got myself a couple of nosefull's of elderberry wine at the same time and no one will take a cent for same.

So I figure that at that rate I will be saving so much money that pretty soon I will be able to buy myself a big hunk of the Standard Oil Company, or something like that.

Well, friends, the old guy which owns the hotel is a pretty dead proposition and the Board of Trade figures that he is doing the town no good, on account of not making his place any better, and it seems that he has made enough jack and don't care about doing any more. So the Secretary of the Board of Trade asks me why I don't buy him out and, after a little dickering, I do same, on account of he is anxious to retire and settle down a little further out in the country where he only owns three hundred acres of good farming land which he had boughten out of what that hotel made for him.

So I am now the owner of a hotel and I am building another story on same, in addition to repairing windows and one thing and another and giving the whole thing a couple of coats of paint so that it won't freeze to death in the Winter time.

Well, friends, everything goes lovely and when I get it all spruced up I invite Young Marvelle and wife to come and be my guests for a while, which they do gladly and both is greatly pleased with the place and says so at once.

So they stick around and after a while Young Marvelle asks me how I am making out and I tell him that I am clearing about two thousand a year on my hotel, which ain't so much, but it surely helps a lot out in this country, and I am thinking of broadening out, I say.

Well, he says, I do not want to cut into your graft, but the missus likes this burg and so do I, and we figure it would be very healthy for the kids. What kids, says I. Never mind, says he, so I shut up.

Well, he says, anyway, what I figured was that if you had no objections we could team up again and I could sink some jack into a lot of things around here and we could boom this town fairly well, and it would not be hard for both of us to make a comfortable living and be substantial citizens in the community, which we had ought to be now that we are growing no younger.

Well, friends, I take him on, and the first thing we do is to buy out the owner of the movie theatre and we fix that up in fine shape and the farmers from all over the county drive here in their jitneys for the shows, instead of going to Nine Corners, as formerly. Also, we buy the weekly newspaper and now the editor we got from Cleveland is getting it out twice a week and it is making good jack.

So we are not doing so bad, as you

(*Continued on page* 37)

Courage and the Ring—Fearlessness Characterized Old Time Battles

By JACK SKELLY
(World Famous Boxing Critic)

Third of a Series on "What Breeds Great Fighting Men"

OLD time fistic fans like to mull over what they call "The Good Old Days" of the ring when the men who made their living by their firsts were fighters rather than boxers such as we see to-day. The gruelling tests through which the ring men of a generation were forced to go produced the gamest crop of fighters that Fistiana has ever known. Personally I am glad that conditions have changed because in the past the bouts were frequently too fierce and brutal.

It must be confessed, though, that the old timers displayed more real fighting spirit and gameness than the modern boxers. Ringsters nowadays are trained only to go ten or fifteen rounds and are not hardened nor tough enough to withstand one of the bare knuckle mills of the past.

Put to the Acid Test

I was reading recently about that old mill between Tom Hyer, the first American heavyweight champion, and Yankee Sullivan, for $2,000 a side, quite a large sum for those days.

The battle took place at Rock Point, Maryland, on January 10, 1849, and a rather big crowd reached the ringside by stage coaches, wagons and river boats, while others hoofed it for many miles through a severe snowstorm, to see the exciting battle.

In fact, the weather was so stormy and cold that charcoal stoves were placed in the corners of the fighters, in order to keep them fairly warm between the rounds.

The mill only lasted 18 rounds (18 minutes and 17 seconds), but during that short period both men were badly punished, especially Sullivan, who was no match for his terrific conqueror.

Hyer must have been a most annihilating battler, for whenever he got his man down he not only fell on him, but deliberately lay across his chest and stomach, so that the unfortunate Sullivan could scarcely breath.

There the American champion would lie regardless of the howls of Sullivan's friends and backers until his seconds jumped into the ring and pulled Hyer off his squashed and almost breathless antagonist.

As the fierce fight went on, Tom got even more savage, and seemed bent upon disabling his game opponent at any cost.

He hugged poor Sullivan in a death like bear grip, wrenched his left arm almost out of the socket, and did his best to strangle him.

Possibly some of these tactics were hardly fair, even according to the old London prize ring rules, but that was the gruelling, fierce style in those rather barbarous days.

Poor Yankee Sullivan at the finish was so badly punished that he was taken to Mount Sinai hospital in Baltimore, where he laid up for repairs for about three weeks.

Can you imagine any of the present day pampered, fancy boxers going through such a slaughtering conflict and coming out of it alive?

But it took courageous gladiators with nerves and hearts of steel to endure such pulverizing pummeling and strenuous strangling in the past.

It takes a rare fighter to endure very severe punishment without losing vitality, confidence and speed.

Jack Dempsey on Bare Knuckles

Our aggressive, hard-hitting champion, Jack Dempsey, recently said:

"You know they complain that the modern fighter is not in it with the old-timers because the latter fought bare-knuckle fashion.

"I would not mind fighting bare fist with somebody who is willing to take a chance on it to prove that a properly gloved fist delivers a harder blow than the bare fist, and the knockout is more to be expected, with less injury and punishment."

Quite true, Jack, but the bare fist is more slashing and damaging than the big mitts, you know.

I've always claimed that a clever boxer can knock out an opponent quicker with a four or five ounce glove than he can with bare knuckles.

The naked fist prolongs a mill, and at the same time causes much more cutting, bruising punishment.

Old Jack Dempsey, the gallant Nonpareil, for example, was not a hard hitter, nor had he a vigorous physique, but with bare knuckles or skintight gloves he conquered all his opponents by bleeding them into weakness.

Poor old Jack was never defeated in a bare fist or skin glove fight, even by antagonists outweighing him 20 to 30 pounds.

It was only when the Nonpareil was compelled to battle with the big mitts that he started to go back and was finally conquered by Bob Fitzsimmons.

Yes, there's quite a big difference milling with big padded gloves and fighting with bare fists or the cutting, slashing, wicked, skin-tight gloves. Try out a few rounds in the old style, boys, and see if I'm not right.

Surely the old fighters were gamer than the modern boxers. They had to be to withstand the terrific going.

The Fighter's Creed

By Spike Webb
U. S. Naval Academy Boxing Instructor

JUST fight a trifle longer
Tho' chances seem all gone,
You will be feeling stronger
If you keep lugging on;
What if your jaws are getting sore
And your eyes are turning black,
Just carry on a little more—
Perhaps, you may come back!

Just keep the battle going
When hope is out of sight,
Although you might be slowing
You yet can win the fight;
What if your speed is gone
And things look rather blue,
Just struggle on and on—
You might be pulling thru!

There is that force within you
That works when all is wrong,
It's more than bone or sinew
For it helps a lad fight on;
When jabs and hooks come thick and fast
And you long to hear the bell,
Just fight on to the very last—
It's grit that's bound to tell.

So fight a trifle longer
Why should you admit,
That the other fellow's stronger
Than yourself—and quit;
What if your strength's diminished,
And your legs are getting lame,
The fight is never finished—
For the lad who proves he's game.

As We Look Upon It

Crisp Comment on Current Ring Problems.

By NAT FLEISCHER
Publisher and Editor of THE RING

Big Men vs. Little Fellows

IT is interesting to note how the old-timers regard the edict of William Muldoon, chairman of the New York State Boxing Commission against the matching of Jack Dempsey with men smaller or lighter than the champion. Recently, after Muldoon had informed Tex Rickard he would not permit a Dempsey-Gibbons bout, Tommy Ryan, Tom Sharkey and Joe Choynski were asked by THE RING to give their opinions on the question of matching a good little man against a good big man. Each of this trio, it will be remembered, fought men many pounds heavier, yet each was ranked among the world's greatest fighters.

Although Tom Gibbons would probably be disposed of by Dempsey in three or four rounds or as early in the contest as Jack would care to end the mill, of all the possible opponents for Dempsey, Gibbons and Harry Wills would make the best showing, with Wills standing out as the most logical contender. Although most sporting experts ridicule the promotion of a Gibbons-Dempsey bout, Joe Choynski's answer to our query on such a contest is most interesting. Joe, who is now living on the Coast, declares that if he and several other heavyweights of his time were barred from fighting men like Jack Dempsey because of being too small or too light, boxing history would be minus many interesting chapters.

"I fought Joe McAuliffe when he weighed 225 pounds and I beat him. I also fought the great Jim Jeffries a twenty-round draw when Jim weighed 220 pounds. I fought such ring marvels as Joe Goddard and Tom Sharkey who far outweighed me and were every bit as tough as Jack Dempsey is now.

"Take the case of Jeffries. Mr. Muldoon cannot show me a man whom Jeff fought who was his equal in size and weight. There were no such fellows fighting when Jeff was in his prime. If Muldoon were then in charge of the game as he is now in New York, Jeffries would have remained idle for a long time.

"No, I don't think a champion should be prevented from meeting a worthy opponent if that opponent is lighter and smaller than the title holder provided, of course, the public is satisfied the challenger is a real fighter."

To which statement we add our approval. If Harry Wills is to be barred because he is a negro; Gibbons to be barred because he underweighs Dempsey; Willard to be barred because he is too old; Floyd Johnson to be barred because he is too young, then why not relieve Dempsey of his crown and place it on the market to the highest bidder?

* * * * *

Leonard's Return to the Ring

ALL Hail! The King has Returned!

By far the best piece of boxing news broadcasted over the land of fistiana is the announcement by Benny Leonard, King Swat of the lightweight division, that he has abandoned the footlights and is ready to reenter the field in which he became world famous. The greatest lightweight of the past decade declared: "I am sick and tired of the stage. It may be alright for actors, but for fighters, it is a bust."

All of which indicates that Benny, a keen business man, sees the folly of working six nights a week and two matinees for a paltry sum of $5,000, when he can corner from $40,000 to $75,000 for less than one hour of work if he sticks his nose to the grind stone, gets into fighting trim and accepts a match with either Charley White or Lew Tendler.

We believe Benny speaks the truth when he declares he is sick of the stage. Benny loves boxing, is at home in the ring and is by far the greatest money fighter in the game today barring Jack Dempsey. Hence why continue on the stage when boxing is so profitable a profession for one of Benny's ability and popularity?

Sportdom welcomes Leonard back to the ring. Whatever was gained by the stage through Benny's acceptance of a six weeks' contract at the New York Winter Garden, was lost by the ring.

Boxing needs men of Benny's skill and until he decides to retire, we hope he will stick to the field which brought him fame.

* * * * *

Let Them Insure Their Titles

GRANTLAND RICE, sporting writer extraordinary, dean of the sporting columnists, suggests that the next boxing champion who defends his title be sure to insure his old crown before he risks a hand to hand combat with a challenger.

There is good reason for such action, but we doubt that even Lloyd's will be willing to take any chances no matter how big the premium. Considering that five champions have lost their crowns in less than three months—Greb, American light heavyweight championship; Villa, American flyweight title; Siki, world's light heavyweight laurels; Poulet, lightweight title of France and Prunier, French middle-weight honors—it would be a rather risky venture for any insurance company.

Who will be the next victim? Kilbane, Wilde and Johnny Wilson, beware.

* * * * *

The Passing of Mike O'Dowd

They were tattered, they were torn,
They showed signs of being worn,
Those little old red gloves
That Mickey wore.

MIKE O'DOWD is through! Thus passes another champion along the road. They all travel sooner or later.

In many respect the Irishman was like Battling Nelson. He had to take a lot before he could get results.

The amount of punishment O'Dowd absorbed in his career combined with a leg weakened by an accident sustained in a baseball game a dozen years ago, proved too much of a handicap. The first shall be last, thought Mike, as Jack Malone knocked him out in St. Paul recently and Mike declared that his day had come.

The Fighting Harp, as he was affectionately called, was a buzz saw in the ring. His flying fists never stopped and he never backed up.

Until the very end he was as game a fighter as the ring ever saw. When he lost his middleweight championship to Johnny Wilson in 1920 he was far from being in the best physical condition, as was evident when he had to undergo an operation a few days after that bout. Since then O'Dowd fought several battles, but he finally had to pay the toll.

"I'd like to have one more fight against Malone," said the Fighting Harp, "but I guess I'll never be able to do so. I leave the ring full of fight, but you can't defend yourself on one leg. Malone taught me that. So I'm through."

* * * * *

The Sportsmen's Code

EVER since the announcement was made that Jess Willard was matched to meet Floyd Johnson on May 12 in a fifteen round bout to a decision for the benefit of Mrs. William R. Hearst's Milk Fund at the Yankee's Ball Park in New York City, we have been besieged with letters of protests asking why Jess is permitted to reenter the ring. Our answer to these queries was made in our last issue in which we outlined a number of reasons why it is unfair to prevent Willard from attempting a come-back.

We pointed out that Willard, as a former champion, was entitled to a return bout with Dempsey but, like all true lovers of boxing, we firmly believe that Jess must first show the public he is fit to engage in another battle, hence our approval of a match with the youthful, strong ambitious Floyd Johnson.

Johnson will test Willard's heart to the limit and if Jess wins, we see no reason why he should not be granted another chance at the man who all but annihilated him at Toledo.

Every champion under the code of TRUE SPORTSMANSHIP, is entitled to another match with his conqueror, but in the case of Willard, he has been out of the ring and out of training too long to permit him to engage in combat with Jack Dempsey before demonstrating in a bout with a good man—in this case Floyd Johnson—that he is capable of giving Dempsey a better battle than he did in Toledo.

And this Willard promises to demonstrate at the Yankee Ball Park.

* * * * *

Willard No Dub, Says Corbett

REGARDING Willard's bout with Johnson, it is interesting to read what such world-renowned critic of boxing as James J. Corbett, conqueror of John L. Sullivan, has to say of Jess:

"Many boxing critics are inclined to call Willard a 'dub.' If I were in their boots, I wouldn't be so free with the use of that word 'dub.'

"Willard is far from being a 'dub.' He would be a hard man to lick even he weren't able to fight a lick, because he is so big and strong and is so hard to reach.

"If he just leaned back with his hands out, there are few in the game today who could reach his chin. That fight with Dempsey was just a fight in which Jack got in the first and telling punch and it was all over. The first punch often licks a man and it was so with Willard.

"I don't predict Willard could beat Dempsey in a return fight. In fact I think otherwise. But I do say that any man who could whip the almost invincible Jack Johnson, the greatest defensive boxer of the modern era, was no 'dub,' and this goes for Willard today."

True, Willard is far from being a 'dub.' We agree with Corbett in this. But one thing is certain—Willard never will be ranked among the "Greats" or even the "Near Greats" of pugilism because he is purely a money fighter. While other boxers fight for the love of the game and the big purses given good ring men, Jess has no love for the sport other than what he can make out of boxing as a profession. It is this spirit, a spirit which has always kept him from training properly, that brought about his early downfall. Western critics declare Jess has changed his attitude and is showing much of the dormant fighting spirit it is known he possesses. If this is so, then the Willard of 1923 may yet avenge the defeat administered to the Willard of 1919.

Whether Jess regains his prestige of a few years ago remains to be seen. The answer will be known on the afternoon of May 12.

* * * * *

The New York Boxing Commission

RECENT appointment by Governor Smith of a License Committee to curtail the powers of the State Boxing Commission was met with state-wide approval by those who have been antagonistic to the rule of William Muldoon.

With this appointment came the statement that Mr. Muldoon would soon be shorn of the powers which have made him an autocratic ruler over boxing in the Empire State, and this was the cause for considerable glee among those who have been hardest hit by the honest, capable ruling of the Duke of Muldoon.

We have no axe to grind. We have no personal reasons for boosting or knocking this or that individual.

Our mission, as stated in the initial number of THE RING, was one of Uplift for the Sport of Boxing.

Our stand always shall be a just stand, or at least so long as the present editor and publisher retains his interest in this publication; and, accordingly, we say with all the strength at our command that the RULE of WILLIAM MULDOON IN NEW YORK STATE HAS BEEN BY FAR THE BEST AND ABLEST OF ANY COMMISSION SINCE BOXING WAS LEGALIZED.

We hold no briefs for Mr. Muldoon. He has made many mistakes, some of which, in our opinion, were so flagrant as to warrant condemnation.

We, like other sporting writers, have attacked Mr. Muldoon for his unjust stand on certain phases of boxing, which, to our way of thinking, proved a tremendous handicap to the game.

Like other sports writers we feel that Mr. Muldoon's ban on boxers under 21 years of age competing in star bouts is an unjust one—a rule that curtails the ambitions of youths who under ordinary conditions might be champions when they reach maturity.

We believe Mr. Muldoon's ruling on championship challenges, in which some champions are favored, as in the case of Jack Dempsey, is a harmful one in that it permits the fellow with a good bank account to force himself into a fight with a title holder when other less fortunate but far superior boxers are compelled to battle the smaller fry.

We are opposed to his continued ban against Harry Wills, who, for no other reason than he is a negro, is prevented from fighting Jack Dempsey in this state.

There are many other edicts which Mr. Muldoon has issued since assuming power, but despite the fact that we disagree with him in a number of rulings we firmly believe Mr. Muldoon has acted most honestly in all his dealings with fighters and managers, and has acted in the best interests of boxing.

Mr. Muldoon has curbed the lawless element in boxing, and it is this class that shouts for his dethronement.

Mr. Muldoon has brought about a more equitable working agreement between manager and boxer, hence the reason for the unscrupulous manager shouting "Down with the Duke."

Mr. Muldoon has eliminated the fly-by-night promoter from the field of boxing, hence the reason for this type of "sportsman" seeking the scalp of this efficient boxing official.

Mr. Muldoon has made fighter, promoter and boxer live up to contracts, hence the reason for their eagerness to see him shorn of his powers.

Mr. Muldoon has changed the filthy boxing clubs of past years into clubs where one no longer need feel ashamed to bring his wife or sweetheart.

He has popularized the sport through an insistence upon matches which no longer are one-sided.

He has reduced the possibilities of injuries through a strict examination of all contestants prior to entrance into the ring.

He has given to New York State the Best, Most Efficient, Cleanest and Honest Boxing This State Has Ever Enjoyed.

So well has been the administration of boxing in New York that States throughout the Union have followed many of his rulings.

All in all, despite his many shortcomings, it must be admitted, even by his strongest enemies—and Mr. Muldoon knows he has many—that when a man has worked for the interests of the sport as has the Chairman of the New York Boxing Board he deserves more than having a shower of bricks hurled at him every time he turns his back.

We do not agree with all that Mr. Muldoon has done in office, but we do not hesitate to say his good deeds so far outnumber the bad that we take this means of telling Governor Smith that in Mr. Muldoon he has an official who can be relied upon to give the State the best that is in him, and we trust he may live to a ripe old age to continue to serve the State he so well loves.

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Mail it to The Ring, Inc., New York Evening Telegram Building, N. Y. C., and receive The Ring for one year. The World's Greatest Boxing Magazine.

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How Harlem Tommy Murphy Failed

This Is the Second Episode in the Series: "They Almost Made It—"

By VERNON VAN NESS

DOWN the long list of fighting men who fell short of the title, a list that includes some of our most picturesque ringmen, we come to the name of Tommy Murphy. If ever a man had the chances to a pugilistic title, it was Harlem Tommy, and yet when he quit the ring some eight or ten years ago, he was merely a runner up.

There is always a good reason why a boxer who can rise to the heights attained by Murphy, Leach Cross, K. O. Brown, Gunboat Smith, etc., etc., did not eventually wear the crown of champion in his class. In the case of Harlem Tommy it was a trick of fate. He met the champions, met the runners up of the period, fought them to a standstill, but could never quite gain the threshold of the throne.

Tommy was not a heavy puncher, but he did pack a soporific punch on occasions. He was clever, as clever as they come, and he combined with his cleverness a combativeness that made him pouplar. He was a great little mixer, much on the style of Terry McGovern, lacking only one trait that Terrible Terry possessed to the nth degree. That little trait was the will to "finish."

Yet it was not the lack of this trait alone that cost Murphy the lightweight title. It was, however, an important factor.

As we said, fate played a big part in the career of the gritty Harlem scrapper. Not so long ago we encountered Tommy, who is a prosperous property owner in Brooklyn, and we had occasion to ask him what he himself thought had kept him from gaining the lightweight throne. He pondered over the question for some time, and finally declared he thought it was because he did not take part in long battles to decisions when he was at his very best.

"The no decision bouts that I fought here in the East probably cost me the title," said Tommy. "I wasted my best efforts in bouts where only a knockout would have won a decision. Now, mind you, I had a good punch, but in the days when I was scrapping there were mighty tough boys and they all could take a punch.

"Some of the boys today wouldn't have lasted long against the class of fighters who were on top or near the top when I was campaigning. And I don't say that as a knock against the boxers of today, because I am not so much of an old timer that I can view the present day boys in that light.

"But it is a fact that some of the old timers were tough nuts to crack and over the short distance could take almost any kind of a whaling. You know, we fought under the Horton law, which limited bouts to six rounds without a decision. We used to train for six rounds, which meant we went into the ring prepared to take a beating for six rounds and were so conditioned that it was a hard matter to knock one of us out.

Harlem Tommy Murphy and Fighting Dick Hyland posing several months after their six-round, no-decision fight in New York City in 1908

"This constant conditioning for six round affairs worked two ways. It made a fellow hard to knock out in the limited time and it also made it pretty hard for the average fellow to get over a K. O. punch in the short bouts.

"I fought some of my best bouts over the long route, to decisions, and yet failed to win the title. I say they were some of my best bouts, but as a matter of fact they were fought at a time in my career when the very best that was in me had been spent. Had I started five years before I did to fight twenty-round bouts, I would have landed the lightweight championship.

"Just let me add this—When I started in boxing I wanted to K. O. everyone I met. As long as I fought I was always hoping to land the K. O. and yet, somehow, and I think because I had been forced to fight intensively in the six-rounds bouts and had been forced to fight too much defensively, I lost the great will to get in and finish my man.

A fighter gets that finishing quality down to a science only by long practice, which is to say that a knockerout is better after each K. O. victory. Let him go along for a while without scoring K. O.'s and he loses the instinct to finish, and that's what I did and towards the end I found my tenderer feelings prompting me not to finish my man. That spelled the end of my ring career. I knew then that I might just as well call it quits, for the ring game is no place for a fellow who has any compunctions about rocking his opponent to sleep."

That's the tale as Tommy tells it. It is the angle that few have seen. Though Tommy never reached the throne he certainly did fight some wonderful battles. He took part in something like 130 bouts between 1903 and 1913, a period of ten years.

Look at the men he fought: Terry McGovern, Frankie Neil, Benny Yanger, Matty Baldwin, Bert Keyes, Spike Robson, Kid Broad, Young Corbett, Dick Hyland, Young Loughrey, Jack Doorman, Packy McFarland, Paddy Sullivan, Johnny Dwyer, Frankie Madden, Owen Moran (half a dozen times), Abe Attell, Tommy Glover, Joe Bedell, Ad Wolgast, Young Erne, Battling Hurley, Leach Cross, Phil Brock, K. O. Brown, Willie Beecher, Pal Moore, One Round Hogan, Phil Bloom and a host of others who were rip snorting ringmen of the day.

He fought Wolgast twice just after Ad had lost the title to Willie Richie. One bout was a draw over the twenty-round route. The other, also over the twenty-round distance, was a victory for Tommy.

Yes, Tommy was a great fighter. He had his critics, who said he never was of championship timber. He had his champions who declared he was as great a fighter as ever drew a pair of padded gloves over his hands, and time seems to show that he was a great fighter who "ALMOST MADE IT."

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Jim Jeffries and Luis Firpo

A Similarity Noted by Expert Who Saw Jim Make His Bow Before Billy Delaney

By A. D. PHILLIPS

CONSIDERABLE discussion has been waged by boxing critics and spectators alike regarding the merits of Luis Firpo, the Giant Argentinian heavyweight. Several New York boxing experts, although giving Firpo full credit for the splendid showing he made against Bill Brennan in Madison Square Garden, declare the Pampas Puncher is so inferior to Dempsey, so awkward as a boxer, that it would be a disgrace to pit Luis against the world's champion. Be that as it may, and it is here conceded that Firpo needs schooling before he can even think of meeting Dempsey, the fact remains, nevertheless, that in Firpo the field of pugilism has the making of the next champion heavyweight.

As an ardent sportsmen who has seen almost every big heavyweight battle since 1875, the writer is willing to prophesy that with proper training and three or four good fights under his belt, Luis Firpo could go into the ring with Jack Dempsey a year from now and give Jack the greatest battle he ever had. I will further predict that Firpo, if trained properly, would stand a better chance to relieve Dempsey of his crown than any heavyweight in the sporting world today.

Years ago when Jeffries first came to Jim Corbett's training camp in Carson City where Corbett was working for his fight with Bob Fitzsimmons, I was present with a party of sportsmen. There wasn't one person in that gathering who was willing to predict any bright future for Jeffries. He was the most awkward big fellow ever seen in the ring.

I was talking to a friend of Billy Delaney when Delaney, himself, came along, gave Jeff the once over, and remarked:

"Too big. Won't do. He'll fall over his own feet."

Delaney, it will be remembered, handled Corbett and was ever on the alert to pick up some good "punching bags" for Corbett to train upon. He watched Jeffries workout, then decided that even though Jeff would not do as a fighter, he was a very strong fellow and hired him. Thereupon he walked over to Jeff, called him over to where Corbett was standing and remarked to the latter:

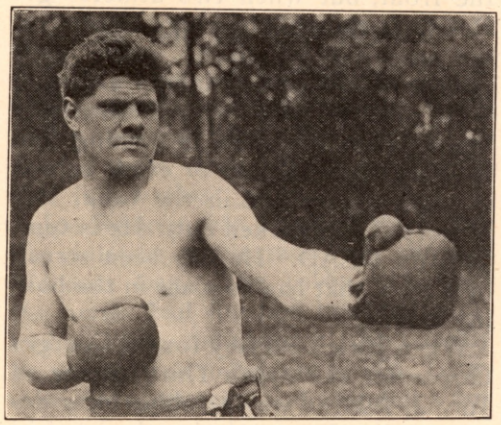
"Jim, I've brought you a present. Take him under your wings. If he can't fight nor train with you, make use of him in the kitchen. He's looking for work and we'll accommodate him."

Corbett didn't like the looks of the raw novice, Jim Jeffries, and turning to Delaney remarked with a sneer:

"Huh! What's the idea? What did you pay for him? Hire him by the ton!"

Two days after Jeff was taken into Corbett's camp, Delaney walked up to Corbett and said:

"Jim, I made a mistake. That fellow is no good. He does you more harm than good. He takes 'em too easily and you'll soon be thinking you can hand the same dose to Fitz. Let's drop him."



Luis Angel Firpo

"No, Jim," replied Corbett. "He's pretty raw, but as strong as an ox and I can gain much by tugging him about. Let him stay."

This by way of illustrating how even the poorest of dubs may some day become the world's crown bearer, if he possesses the essentials of a fighting man.

And this, we know, Firpo does possess, for no man could take the punishment meted out by Bill Brennan unless he had the fighting instinct.

Firpo reminds the writer of the raw Jim Jeffries he encountered at Corbett's camp, the Jeffries who bored such a wise handler of boxers as Billy Delaney because he was so "awkward" and knew "so little" about the game.

It was shortly after Jeffries began his work with Corbett that Delaney took Jeff aside and said:

"Say, young fellow, what do you think you're doing here. When you go in that ring I want you to go after Corbett and fight him. Hurt him, beat him to some of his punches and make him wince. That's what I'm paying you for."

Jeff, with a look of fright, replied:

"Why, Mr. Delaney, I'm always trying. Honestly, I try to hit him, but before I get close enough, he beats me to the punch and skips away."

It will be remembered that Jeffries already had a few fights under his belt, but they were with fellows who didn't amount to much and Jeff won because he was strong and could take as much as any person could give him. All that Jeff needed was a good trainer, one who could show him his faults and teach him the tricks of the game.

And so it is with Firpo. There is little difference between the Jeffries I saw years ago when he was a raw novice and the Firpo I saw knock out Bill Brennan.

Just as Jeffries developed into a champion, so Firpo, if he sticks to Jimmy Deforest and does not permit his South American admirers to turn his head, can be developed into the most formidable opponent Dempsey can tackle, not even barring Harry Wills.

Jeffries did not show anything worth while until after he was matched with Fitzsimmons. Then Tommy Ryan, who now lives in Syracuse, was called to the rescue. He was asked to give Jeff some points and this he did.

Tommy came down to Jeff's camp, looked him over and remarked:

"Fitz is of the old English school. He is a straight hitter. The only chance you stand is to develop a crouch which would make your head the only spot Fitz could hit without difficulty." So Jeff was taken into hand and taught the crouch.

Tommy taught Jeff how to raise his left shoulder and rest his head on it and how to work the crouch without tiring, with the result that when Jeff clashed with Fitz the sportsmen who saw Corbett batter Jeff from pillar to post in Corbett's training quarters could scarcely believe their eyes when they saw the polished Jeffries.

And on June 9, 1899, at Coney Island, the raw dub whom Corbett threatened to fire from his training camp annexed the world's title by vanquishing Fitzsimmons in eleven rounds.

There are numerous other instances in ring history similar to this, but the Jeffries case is sufficient to convince the laughing ones that the undeveloped Luis Firpo of today may be the most talked of boxer in the world a year from now.

The Rabbit Punch—the Sword of Damocles Threatening the Boxing Game

By JAMES RAYMOND PRICE

OF all the American sports that have been forced to brave the onslaughts of critics and reformers, boxing has received more than its share of hard knocks. Many times it seemed as if the game was doomed to be abolished throughout the country on account of the exposure of a faked contest or the death of an untrained athlete following a ring battle. After bouts of this sort, concerted action on the part of ministerial and reform unions would spring up and appeals be made to governors and mayors to prevent boxing contests. Many state legislatures passed bills prohibiting bouts and the game lost favor with scores of its former followers.

Then came the advent of the state commissions, authorized by the Legislatures, and their members appointed by the governors. This gave the friends of the manly art something to work upon, a foundation on which to build a structure that would beat back any tidal wave of reform that might assail it.

Only promoters with clear reputations and responsible backers now receive permits or licenses to conduct shows. Competent physicians are appointed whose duty it is to examine thoroughly participants before each match, thereby reducing to a minimum chances of a fake or fatality.

In spite of all these precautions, however, there still remains one step which should be taken. The stable should be locked before the horse is stolen. There have been two warnings in the last two years, the second one coming in the recent Luis Angel Firpo-Bill Brennan contest and, facing a long series of matches between hard hitting heavyweights and light-heavyweights, boxing commissions of all states should take heed and act quickly.

This step is the elimination of the rabbit punch, the most cowardly and deadly blow a boxer can deliver. The shock of this blow, which lands in the back of the neck, stops the flow of blood to the brain and paralyzes that organ. Death may result instantly or the victim may recover without any apparent injury. Months or even years may elapse before any trouble comes to the surface.

The pivot blow, made famous by George LaBlanche, long has been under the ban, and the kidney punch also is prohibited, the latter, however, more because it tends to make matches develop into hugging and wrestling exhibitions with very little boxing rather its having any serious effect.

The rabbit punch is different. A man is struck virtually from the rear on a spot which he is practically unable to defend. It is humanly possible for a boxer to block, sidestep or duck any blow aimed at his body or head from the front, but when two athletes get close together in the ring almost, yet not quite, in a clinch, when their ranges of vision are limited although both realize they will instinctively know when a punch is coming and have a chance to stop or evade it, one is suddenly stabbed in the back. He is more than knocked out. He is temporarily DEAD. He has been struck by a blow that has no place in the boxing ring.

When Jack Dempsey fought Georges Carpentier at Boyle's Thirty Acres on July 2, 1921, it was a rabbit blow delivered by Dempsey in the second round that stunned the French invader and left him almost helpless until the finish came. After the bout Georges told his friends that when he received the blow at the base of the brain, his mind became clouded and he was unable to collect his scattered senses.

When Luis Firpo knocked out Bill Brennan a short time ago with a series of blows to the head, one of which was a rabbit punch that raised a lump on Bill's neck the size of an egg, the unfortunate boxer spent several days in the hospital, fearful of an operation. Only the wonderful physical condition Brennan was in, coupled with the fact that Firpo had been somewhat weakened by the trouncing he had been subjected to for eleven rounds, saved the ring a fatality from which it would have been hard to recover.

Brennan recently announced he probably would retire from the ring on account of his injury, which doubtless is still bothering him.

American boxing is too popular as a sport, too great as a business to be jeopardized by allowing boxers to use the rabbit punch with its message of death and disaster. The pivot blow was prohibited because it was manifestly unfair, the kidney punch because it robs a contest of its attractiveness. The rabbit punch MUST be prohibited because it is the greatest threat ever held over the boxing game.

Opposition to professional boxing has been growing in leaps and bounds during the last ten years and it is only the cleanliness of the sport, kept clean by men on the inside who have its best interest at heart, that has thwarted attempts to put an end to it. To allow the use of the rabbit punch with its possible chance of a calamity is like playing doctor and nurse to your worst enemy.

When the test comes, and it may come at any time, it will be the enemy who is strong, reliant and aggressive; it will be the boxing world that will be weak, suspicious and defenseless. To be forewarned is to be forearmed.

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Shadows of the Past—Joe Choynski

No. XVI

By FRANK E. COULTRY

DR. JOSEPH BARTLETT CHOYNSKI—this is the sign that has been placed in a window on a neat San Francisco residence. But in order that there be no guess work as to the identity of this doctor, we will shorten the name and call this medico, Joe Choynski.

Joe, who until a few weeks ago was the athletic director of the Pittsburgh A. A., resigned that position and went to the Coast to pursue Chiropractics. He is a close student of this branch of medicine and has decided he can make more money practicing chiropractics than by continuing as an athletic instructor.

The latest news of Choynski, recalls to the minds of the old timers the wonderful career of this great fighter. Never a champion, yet always a top-notcher, Joe was an idol among the fight fans of a generation ago. He fought the greatest battlers of the age and invaribaly fought men far heavier than himself. Never wanting in skill, punch or nerve, Joe presents an example of the ideal type of ring man.

Joe was born of Hebrew parentage in San Francisco in November, 1868, and in 1884 entered the ring as a professional when he was defeated by Jim Corbett in one round. Five years later, in less than two months, he fought Corbett three times. The police stopped the first contest in four rounds, and Corbett won the other two in twenty-eight and four rounds, respectively.

Joe Goddard twice whipped Choynski in Australia in four round bouts in 1891, after which Joe won a number of important battles prior to his encounter with Bib Fitzsimmons in the Boston Theater on June 18, 1894. Choynski came within an ace of scoring a knockout soon after the beginning of the mill, but old Fitz rallied and was punching the Hebrew all over the ring when the fifth and last round ended.

After boxing a six round draw with Dan Creedon of Australia in Chicago Choynski knocked out Jim Hall, another Antipodean, in thirteen rounds at the famous Empire Athletic Club of Maspeth, L. I., in 1896. But before the end of that year Choynski was put to sleep by Tom Sharkey in four rounds, and by Peter Maher in six, the latter affair taking place at the old Broadway Athletic Club in the presence of the late Theodore Roosevelt, then Police Commissioner.

Choynski, nothing daunted, fought a twenty round draw with Jefferies at San Francisco in 1897, and also drew with Sharkey, Goddard and Ruhlin in short bouts in 1898. He was beaten by Kid McCoy in twenty rounds the following year, but he whipped Jack McCormick, Mexican Pete Everett, Australian Jim Ryan, Jim Hall, Dick Moore and Steve O'Donnell, all during the campaign of 1899.

Choynski sustained knockouts at the hands of McCoy, Joe Walcott and Sharkey in 1900. His fight with McCoy occurred at the Broadway Athletic Club and caused a near riot when Joe was flattened after the gong had ended the fourth round. Walcott, eight inches shorter and thirty pounds lighter, put him away in seven rounds, while Sharkey turned the trick in two.

It was in February, 1901, that Choynski stopped Jack Johnson, then a greenhorn, in the third round at Galveston, Tex. Joe was near the end of his career at the time, and three years later he quit the ring after receiving painful beatings from Kid Carter, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, Peter Maher, Nick Burley and Marvin Hart. In his retirement Choynski can point with pride to an absolutely honest career in the ring.

One Joe Beckett Missed

THEY say an Englishman has no sense of humor and one might suppose that this would go double for a stern British magistrate. But follow this:

Joe Beckett was arrested for a traffic violation while motoring through Hendon, Eng. The bobby who made the arrest had finished his testimony, and was very red about it. Apparently he wanted Joe to be sent to jail. However, the magistrate had assessed a fine of but four pounds.

"Why, yer honor," cried the bobby, "he drove right through a line of traffic and just avoided a collision."

"He avoided it?" cried the magistrate in mock incredulity.

"Yes, yer honor," gasped the bobby.

"Fine is two pounds, then," declared the magistrate. "I never heard of him avoiding a collision before."

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Humor in the Big Ring and on the Diamond

By FRED G. LIEB
President, Baseball Writers' Association

BASEBALL and boxing are two serious businesses, and the man who pretends they are not seldom makes much of a success in either line of endeavor. Comedians are welcome on a ball club, because they keep up the club's spirit. But the comedian is useful solely through contrast. There usually are twenty serious-minded chaps on a ball club, and if one is a buffoon, he helps keep the others in good humor. Managers want serious ball players, who treat the game as a serious business and not with levity. On the recent training trip of the Giants, Manager McGraw remarked that Earl Smith could become one of the most skillful catchers in baseball if he would take the game more seriously.

The modern high grade boxer doesn't go in for clowning. Some of his early predecessors went in for that sort of a thing, but the smart, present day boxer has little room for comedy in his trick bag. His game to him is darn serious. It is a game of relentless competition, competition of the man to man order, where one man climbs to the top by personal triumphs over his less fortunate opponents. It is a game of the survival of the fittest, requiring intensive training, thought concentration and serious effort. The slow thinking pugilist is the dub, the man who usually is counted out. The dullard in baseball finds his way back to the minors.

But good American humor plays its part in boxing and in baseball. There are no better stories of the American Negro than those told about colored boxers, while the bonehead ball player has given laughs to millions. The expression "solid ivory," as applied to any one who is thick in the head or slow to see a joke, came from the slang of the diamond. Originally it was applied to the thick-skulled, or ivory-domed ball player, the man who stole second when it already was occupied or made some other stupid play, ruinous to his side.

Many of the best laughs in baseball and the ring were not funny to the men most concerned. An English critic once described Americans as a race which regards exaggeration as humor. Some of America's best sporting stories are exaggerated with the telling. The man with the proper sense of humor can laugh, even when the joke is on him.

None of the old Orioles laughed when Steve Brodie chased the real ball, after Joe Kelly dug up a planted ball. The Orioles had one of the trickiest clubs that ever played ball. They used to let the grass grow in the outfield, and several balls were hid in the tall grass. When a long drive went through the grass, the Orioles let the ball roll through, and dug up one of the planted balls, and often managed to throw out the batsman at second.

Well, one day a hard hit ball came out to left centre, and Kelly threw in one of the planted balls. But alas, Brodie went tearing after the real ball, played it off the fence and hurled it in a half minute later. That gave away the trick, and Steve was an unpopular young man on the Orioles for the next few weeks. Today it is the best Oriole story.

Another good Steve Brodie story was not funny to Steve when it happened, nor to Manager Ned Hanlon of the Orioles. But the fans recognized the humor of the situation from the start. A fan was "razzing" Brodie from the old left field bleachers in Baltimore, and while the Orioles were in the field, Steve suddenly tore across the field, seized the ladder with which they hung the numbers on the scoreboard, and climbed into the bleachers. The noisy fan guessed Steve's mission, and made for an exit, with Brodie in close pursuit. It came nearly breaking up the ball game.

John McGraw, manager of the world's champion Giants, has seen some funny things on the ball field, but he votes an incident that happened when he was a colt infielder with the Olean, N. Y., club as the funniest of the lot. The Oleans were playing a rival team on a Fourth of July, and the crowd was seated all around the ball field. The game was a close, exciting contest, and was tied at the end of the thirteenth inning. In the fourteenth inning, one of the Olean players hit a ball past third base. A terrier, belonging to one of the fans seated along the foul lines, snatched the ball in his teeth. The left fielder and third baseman tried to pull the ball out of the dog's mouth, but "doggie" had good teeth, and gave them a merry tug-of-war. In the meantime, the batsman scored a freak home run which won the game.

If we had the space we could fill several columns with incidents in the life of Arlie Latham, former third baseman of the great St. Louis Browns of the late eighties, and in later years a coach of the Giants under McGraw. Von der Ahe, a pompous St. Louis Teuton, owned the Browns, and he used to "high hat" the boys at that early day. A stove pipe lid was part of Von der Ahe's make-up. The team visited Baltimore one day, and it was a custom with the old Browns to march to their hotel with Von der Ahe in the lead. As the procession passed a fruit stand, Arlie selected a ripe orange, and hurled it at the stove pipe. It was a pretty hit.

Von der Ahe turned quickly and looked at his ball players. Not one batted an eye. His eyes eventually focused on Latham and he remarked: "I don't know who t'rew dat orange, but Arlie Latham, you are fined feefty dollars on jeneral brinciples."

To this day McGraw will not concede that there was anything funny to the time Bill Klem failed to observe "Moose" McCormick's pinch hit, but to the writer it was one of the funniest things he ever saw on the diamond. The incident happened about ten years ago, when the Cubs still were the leading rivals of the Giants. The score was tied in the ninth, New York had the bases full, when McCormick, one of the foremost pinch-hitters of all time, was called on to bat for Wiltse.

McCormick slashed the first ball that Lew Richie pitched to left centre for a clean single, sending in the winning run from third. But it didn't count, and the Cubs eventually won that game. What happened was that Klem had his back turned to the plate, and was in the act of announcing that "McCormick was now batting for Wiltse," when the hit was made. Not having seen the hit, Klem would not admit it had been made, and the Giants were called back on the field. Art Wilson, who had been on second, already was under the showers, and thought they were spoofing him when the other New York players told him he'd have to get back in the game.

After a quarter of an hour or so, Wilson, dripping wet, was returned to the ball game. McCormick, who once had won the game, hit into a double play when Klem was looking, and the next batter flied to the outfield. The Cubs then won in extra innings. McGraw rode Klem about it for weeks. The humor of the situation was the looks on the faces of McGraw, McCormick and other Giants when the hit did not count.

Boston fans once got a good laugh out of a playful prank by Larry Doyle; it

cost Doyle fifty dollars, ruined McGraw's disposition for an entire day and cost the Giants a ball game. With the score tied and a runner on third, Doyle drove a long sacrifice fly to the outfield. There was no chance to get the runner at the plate, but as Doyle rounded second, he playfully intercepted the throw and tossed it in to Rudolph, the Brave pitcher. Boston claimed the runner from third should be out for Doyle's interference; the umpire took the same view and the run was thrown out.

"And you're supposed to be my captain," said McGraw. "It'll cost you fifty. Maybe that will teach you to handle thrown balls for New York, not for Boston."

One of the funniest races ever seen on a ball field was between "Tug" Arundel, a catcher of the Washington team, and "Piggy" Ward of the old Baltimore team of the American Association. Both Arundel and Ward were fat and notoriously poor base-runners. But both resented any aspersions on their lack of speed. When Ward came to bat, Arundel remarked, "Well, here's the old ice wagon up again."

That brought a retort in kind from "Piggy," and soon the argument over the respective speed of the pair waxed hot. Arundel made a proposition to Ward that if he would strike out, he would drop the third strike, and catch "Piggy" before he could reach first base. Ward went through with his part of the bargain; so did Arundel. Down the first base line came the pair, "Tug" a step behind "Piggy." The first baseman yelled for Arundel to throw the ball, but he paid no heed.

On to second rushed the pair, with the "Tug" still a step behind. They passed third, and the villain still pursued him. Finally as they came down the home stretch, both puffing like engines up a steep grade, Arundel made a forward lunge, and tried to reach his man. But "Piggy" just managed to escape, and crossed the plate with one of the oddest runs ever scored in big league baseball.

We could go on about Cy Pieh, former Yankee pitcher, Ping Bodie, Rube Waddell quitting the game to help put out a fire, but we've got to tell something about the humorous happenings of the ring. There is no sport in which pathos and the heart interest plays as great a part as in pugilism, and some of the funny things we shall tell, amusing to story-tellers and listeners, were far from funny to the poor fellows who figured in the stories.

In the writer's opinion, the funniest of all ring stories was about the dark complexioned lad who was going to fight some more, but no more in that immediate night. This story has been told about a half dozen dusky boxers, and it has as many versions, and all of them are good. But I believe all of them had their basis from a battle royal staged some twelve years ago at the old Longacre A. C. at West 29th Street, New York. The place was run by the late Mike Newman, and he advertised for a colored janitor. Six applicants applied, and he decided to let them fight it out for the position in a battle royal, and incidentally give his patrons a little amusement.

The six darkies were blind-folded and set loose at each other. Five of them were good-sized chaps, while one was just a little fellow of bantamweight dimensions. Though the bigger boys were blind-folded they soon located the "little guy," and boxing gloves bounced off his nose, ears and jaw. He stood it until the second round, when suddenly pulling the bandage off his eyes, he dove through the ropes and wiggled out of the ring.

"Hey, there; ain't you going to fight any more," yelled Joe Hess, the referee.

"I intends to fight plenty," said the retreating gladiator, "but no more tonight."

New York fans were treated to one of the most humorous knockouts ever seen in any ring at the old Manhattan Opera House some years ago, when Charley Weinert drove Andre Anderson through a bass drum. Jimmy Johnston managed Brother Anderson, and he used to refer to him as the astonishing, astoundingly, agile Andre Anderson. He was all of that on the night we have reference to. The ring was pitched on the stage, and when Weinert socked Andre on the chin, the agile one bounded out of the ring on the stage, and continuing to bound, he landed into the orchestra, finally coming to rest after crashing through the bass drum. It was quite a night.

Then there was the fight in the old Atlantic Gardens in the Bowery, when Bob Lee fought old Sam Langford. "Tham" kept prodding that right into Bob's face, and made numerous threatening motions at Sir Bob Lee. About the fourth round, Robert got him on the elbow, or was it the shins? Anyway he took a nose dive.

After the fight, he was asked what was the matter with him. He replied: "I never got so tired of having a nigger around me in all my life."

Langford also had an interesting fight with Philadelphia Jack O'Brien in New York during the club membership days. Jack entered the ring clad in a pretty Japanese kimono and bowed and smiled to all his admirers. The Quaker City pugilist was as skillful a boxer as ever pulled on a glove, and for several rounds he kept poking his right into Sam's face. He soon got the Boston tar baby riled, and once "Tham" started after Jack, the melee soon was brought to a finish. The end came in the fifth round, and Jack was rather mussed up when he left the ring.

When Jack was requested to give his version of what had happened, he had a retort ready which still stands as a fistic classic. "That Langford is a most unreasonable fighter," said O'Brien. "He gets angry very quickly."

Fight fans often hear of famous alibis offered by fighters after losing bouts, or after they have taken nose dives. Occasionally a fighter will admit that he was

(*Continued on page* 15)

Wrestling Champions in All Divisions

Wrestlers, like boxers, affixes a championship to their name every time occasion warrants it. In order to give credit where credit is due, THE RING herewith publishes a list of the champions in the various classes:

Ed ("Strangler") Lewis regained the world's heavyweight championship by defeating Stanislaus Zyszko, at Wichita, Kan.

The champions in the various classes follow:

Heavyweight class — Ed ("Strangler") Lewis.

Light-heavyweight class—Helmar Myre, Mason City, Ia.

Middleweight class — William Keetonan, Springfield, Mass.

Welterweight class—Jack Reynolds, Indianapolis, Ind.

Lightweight class—Jack Fisher, Kansas City.

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The "Old Style" in Boxing

A Critical Analysis of American vs. English Methods

IN the March issue of THE RING, Charles J. Harvey, international manager, promoter and student of the boxing game for a good many years, gave his impressions about the differences between the American and British styles of ringcraft. An answer to this from a British standpoint comes from Norman Clark, secretary of the Boxing Board of Control in England, in his new book, "How to Box."

He raises the question as to whether it has not often been the case in an international match that the American boxed in the accepted traditional British style, while the Briton had adopted what has been considered the product of America.

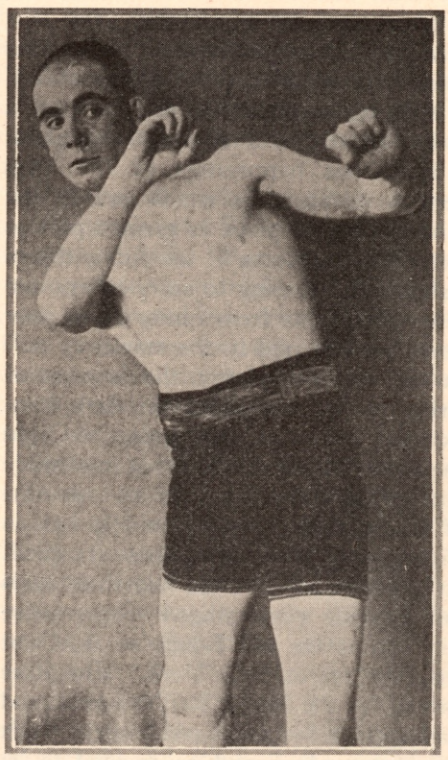
Dealing with the English methods of boxing he describes these as consisting of

Stanley Ketchell in his memoriable fight at Colma, Cal., with Jack Johnson on October 6, 1909, in which he was defeated in twelve rounds. The above photo illustrates the American style of crouching, swinging and round arm hitting, a style suited to the strong fighter

straight hitting from an upright position, as opposed to the crouching and the round arm hitting of the American style. Of the English school it may be said that with the exception of the uppercut and hooks at close quarters, all the blows are of the straight hits—straight from the shoulder type—and that round arm blows (swings, long range hooks, or anything in the nature of long range semi-circular hits) are only permissible under rare conditions.

Thus the English style is made up of rapid and powerful straight hitting with left and right for attack—and sometimes for defense (defensive hitting)—and headwork, footwork and guarding with both hands for defense.

Position is of paramount importance and the position assumed by a perfect exponent of the English style is an ideal



Billy Plimmer, whose style was the pure Jem Mace school style—straight hitting from an upright position as opposed to the American crouch and round arm hitting

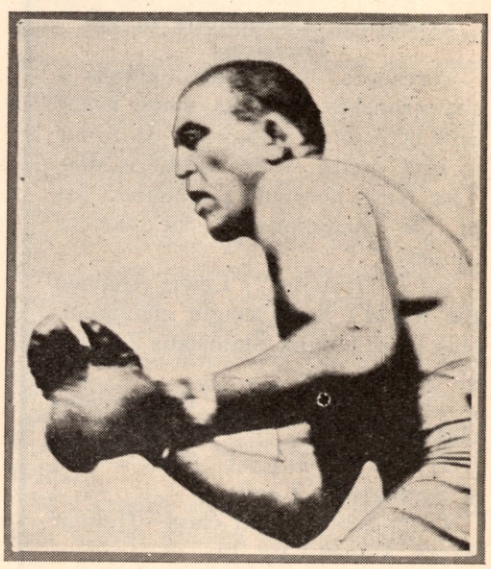
one in every respect. He has his feet and hands so placed as to be able to attack and defend, advance and retreat, with the utmost rapidity, and this involves all that is essential to the correct style of boxing—that style which in its absolute naturalness combines velocity and power of hitting with the soundest defense.

On the other hand, the so-called American style of boxing is a distinct contrast to the English. In place of the upright attitude and straight punch, we have the crouch and the round arm hitting, the majority of blows being hooks or swings or something appertaining thereto.

Again there is little clean guarding or parrying with the arms, as in the English stlyle. Generally speaking the defensive side may be regarded as composed more or less of footwork and "covering up." Those who saw Jim Jeffries in action will remember that the main feature about his style was the burying of the chin behind the raised left shoulder and crouching of the body to protect and place out of range the solar plexus blow.

Obviously, the American style, considered in the extreme form in which Jeffries adopted it, is a style better suited to the strong, natural fighter than to the scientific boxer. In support of this it should be mentioned that most Americans employ rushing, forcing tactics, their object being to get to close quarters where they can bring to bear their strength and semi-circular blows, which cannot be landed with accuracy at long range.

The expressions, American and English style, have now become meaningless so far as they are applied to boxers from either country. English and American boxers restrict themselves to neither style in particular.



Jim Jeffries as he appeared in the fifteenth round of his "come-back" bout with Jack Johnson at Reno, Nev., on July 4, 1910. It was in this round that Jack Berger threw in the sponge to save Jeffries from further humiliation. Note the main feature of Jeffries' style—burying the chin behind the raised left shoulder and crouching of the body

In support of the efficiency of the old fashioned stance, Mr. Clark, in his splendid book, thoroughly reviewed in *Baily's Magazine,* points out that it came about only after over a hundred years of prize ring experience, and after tracing its development urges that we may depend it has many advantages.

"Its development," he says, "can be traced slowly and surely through fistic history, and boxers who disregard it almost invariably find themselves falling into the very handicaps the oldtimers had struggled to escape during their 100 years' experience, from James Figg (1719) to James Ward (1825). We know well the numerous experiments American boxers have tried during the last forty years," states Mr. Clark.

"The American style, as it is called,

(*Continued on page* 15)

HUMOR IN THE BIG RING AND ON THE DIAMOND

(*Continued from page* 13)

poked on the chin because he didn't know enough to protect it, or that he was outclassed by an opponent. But not often.

A pugilistic gem is the excuse given by "Wild Bert" Kenny, a West Side Irishman from New York, for not making a better showing against Bob McAllister in a contest fought some ten years ago. McAllister outboxed and outfbught the New York Hibernian, and got the decision. But Kenny had his excuse ready.

"That McAllister got to saying such a lot of funny things while we were foighting that I got to loiking him," said Wild Bert. "I got to loiking 'im that much that I couldn't hurt 'im. He was such a foine fellar."

Some of the wise cracks of Tim Hurst, famous as a boxing referee and a baseball umpire, would fill a volume. But we know of none better than his reply to the boxer who appealed to him for protection, saying his opponent was biting him.

"Well, what's the matter," replied Tim. "Have you no teeth?"

There have been some odd knockouts. Some of them were so tragic as to be funny. Such a knockout was that in which Johnny Waltz of Jersey City knocked out Fighting Dick Nelson of Brooklyn at Brown's gymnasium. Waltz tapped Dickie on the chin with strange consequences. Dick retreated to his corner, and grabbed hold of the ropes, and began shuffling his feet on the resin as a boxer does at the start of a bout. Suddenly his feet began to give way under him, and he came to a rest seated in the resin box.

A freak knockout, which got a laugh out of the crowd, was the almost unbelievable position occupied by One Round Davis after Soldier Kearns located his jaw at the old Fairmount A. C. in New York. The finish came in the first round, One Round Davis being aptly named. Davis spun completely over from the force of the Soldier's blow, and when he came to rest only his forehead and gloves rested on the canvass. One leg dangled over each of the top ropes, with the post in between. If that fight had been rehearsed one hundred times, it is doubtful if any pugilist could duplicate this fall.

There always is something ludicrous to a double knockout, when both pugilists land and bite the dust at the same time. Double knockouts are fairly frequent. New York fans saw one ten years ago at the Fairmount when Willie Lewis and Sailor Burke both went down. The most famous double knockout, however, was the one in which Joe Rivers, the Mexican, and Ad Wolgast, then the lightweight champion, both hit the mat in their bout in Vernon, California. Jack Welch, the referee, who probably was not entirely unbiased, raised up Wolgast and proceeded to count out Rivers.

One of the best laughs the writer ever got at a ring contest was to see a muddled negro boxer go after the referee, mistaking him for his opponent. Two dusky Mississippi River stevedores were meeting in a preliminary out in St. Louis in the summer of 1920. One of them was called the Memphis Ghost, and "the Ghost" had the house in an uproar before he was through. About the third round, "the Ghost" had stopped so many that he didn't know whether he was in Zanzibar or Missouri. Coming out of a daze, he saw another negro in front of him, and proceeded to sock him on the jaw. However, he had mistaken the colored referee, a former pugilist, for his opponent. And then the fun began. The referee socked back, and by the time it was over the "Ghost" was glad to flee back to his native Tennessee.

THE "OLD STYLE" IN BOXING

(*Continued from page* 14)

has had a good trial, and crouching stances, square stances and all other kinds of positions have been put into practice. Yet, after all this, we find Packy McFarland, Pete Herman and many other of the greatest American boxers assuming a stance exactly similar to the old orthodox stance adopted by Jem Ward and Jem Mace.

"In this way history repeats itself, and those who fail to take advantage of the experience of their ancestors are compelled to traverse a rough course before being brought back to orthodoxy. No doubt individual idiosyncrasies and extraordinary muscular development justify some men departing from the recognized stance in a small measure. A fighter, we know, need not be so particular about orthodoxy as the boxer, and many men have a few favorite shots and assume a position that will readily enable them to use these, while others are convinced that anything peculiar is difficult for an opponent to cope with for the simple reason that it is peculiar.

"But even admitting such arguments in favor of unorthodoxy, they are always met by disadvantages more than equalling them. The test of the perfect method in boxing is to be able to hit an opponent as hard and as often as possible and to avoid getting hit yourself. When we recall the boxers who have been best able to do this—Ward, Mace, Jackson, Ryan, McFarland, Discoll, Herman, among others—we find them all to have adopted the orthodox stance."

Under the heading of "The Question of Style," Mr. Clark writes:

> But what style is to be taught? it may be asked, English or American?
>
> Before answering I would like to ask such inquirers if they really know what they mean by the terms English and American style? I am afraid I do not.
>
> Of course, I am well aware that at one time there was a great difference between the style adopted by certain English boxers and certain American boxers. On the one hand, you had men like Jem Mace, Charlie Mitchell and Billy Plimmer, for instance, adopting an upright stance and restricting their hitting almost entirely to straight hits. On the other, American boxers like Terry McGovern and Jim Jeffries assuming a crouching attitude and doing an enormous amount of hooking and swinging. And certainly the difference of style between such English and American boxers as these was very pronounced.
>
> Indeed, for the last ten years it has been by no means an uncommon sight in international contests to find the American boxing on English lines and the Englishman on American lines; in fact, we had a good example of this in the most important light-weight contest seen for a long time—Packy McFarland vs. Fred Welsh—and again, the last great American boxer we had over here, Pete Herman, proved as much an exponent of the old-fashioned upstanding straight-hitting type of boxing as even Jem Mace or Jim Driscoll.
>
> The fact is, that, though allowances can be made for individual tendencies and that kind of thing, there is really only one correct style of boxing—that which in its absolute naturalness combines velocity and power of hitting with the soundest defence, and this style was discovered by the old English bruisers long ago, and was perfected and refined on even before the days of Ward and Mace.
>
> It is not a matter of nationality. All the great boxers of modern times have been exponents of the old style, no matter whether they have come from England, America, or Australia; and if one recalls a few of the greatest from these three countries, one finds it practically impossible to detect much difference between their styles.
>
> For instance, take Peter Jackson, Bob Fitzsimmons and Young Griffo, as representing Australia; Jem Mace, Jim Driscoll and Billy Plimmer, as representing England; and Tommy Ryan, Packy McFarland and Pete Herman, as representing America, and ask yourself how much difference was there between their respective styles?

In 50 per cent. of the cases when a boxer has gone down to defeat before an American and the English style has in consequence been decried, the vanquished has been boxing not in the English style at all but in the American, and vice versa. The old style, with perhaps a certain amount of hooking and swinging thrown in, is, as Mr. Clark puts it, "the style which in its absolute naturalness combines velocity and power of hitting with the soundest defense."

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State of New York, } ss.:
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Before me, Marie R. Crosby, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Nathaniel S. Fleischer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher and Editor of The Ring, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and, if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in Section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Nathaniel S. Fleischer, Madison Square Garden, New York City; editor, Nathaniel S. Fleischer, Madison Square Garden, New York City; managing editor, none; business manager, Nathaniel S. Fleischer, Madison Square Garden, New York City.

2. That the owners are: The Ring, Inc., Madison Square Garden, New York City; Nathaniel S. Fleischer, Madison Square Garden, New York City; Frank E. Coultry, Madison Square Garden, New York City; John L. Dorgan, Madison Square Garden, New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: none.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holders appear upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and condition under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day of March, 1923.

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He Likes Oranges But He Now Pays for His Own

By ED. W. SMITH

ONE hears of many funny stories about the ring but seldom has one been told which evoked so much laughter as that related to a group of newspapermen and baseball moguls at a fanning bee in Louisville during the minor league conference recently. The story relates to Marvin Hart, the Kentucky idol, who knocked out Jack Root at Reno, Nevada, in July of 1905, and was presented with the heavyweight title by James J. Jeffries, who refereed the contest.

Hart, the following year, lost a twenty-round decision bout to Tommy Burns, who then claimed the crown and was recognized as the champion throughout the world. It was four years previous to his battle with Root, December 17, 1901, that the following incident took place, which is worth while repeating to the readers of THE RING. The story, as told at the fanning bee, was related by Ed Rubel,

a Kentucky sportsman and a great admirer of Hart. Rubel's yarn follows:

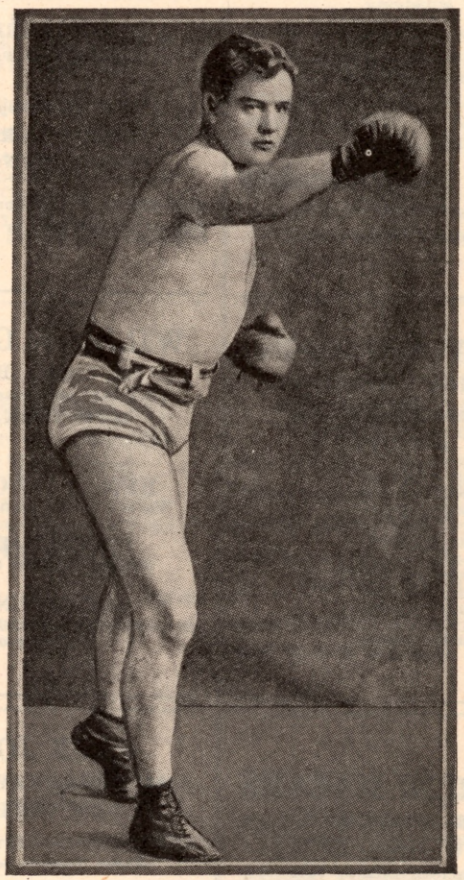
"Back in 1901 we had a couple of great light heavyweight fighters in this section of the country—Marvin Hart, who later was champion for a brief period, and a man who created a great sensation for a little while, 'Wild Bill' Hanrahan. The latter died of pneumonia in Chicago some time afterwards.

"At that particular time Hart was mowing them all down right and left and received international recognition. He had scored a number of knockouts and was considered as a great championship prospect.

Carted Mighty Wallop

"Joe Sullivan, a Kentucky promoter, had dug 'Wild Bill' Hanrahan up somewhere in the East—I think it was Brooklyn—and Bill was about as hefty a puncher as I had ever seen, and in fact as I have seen since. He flung a terrific right and when it landed it was usually curtains for the opponent. He was fairly fast and clever, too.

"Naturally they were matched and the contest attracted much attention here. It was a big betting affair. I had a good wager down myself and happened to get a ringside seat right back of Hart's corner. The fight lasted less than a round. Hanrahan swung one to Marvin's chin that settled it right then and there.



Marvin Hart

Of course there was intense excitement when Hart was counted out.

"While I was waiting for the crowd to get out of the building I reached over into Hart's bucket in the corner and took out some sliced orange that his seconds naturally never had any chance to feed the big fellow in between rounds because there was only one round. I ate perhaps half an orange and then wandered down the street to get the usual aftermath gossip.

"I got enough. I ran into Hart's manager, whom I knew pretty well, and started to sympathize with him. I asked him how he accounted for the result and he began to tell me a wild story. He said that Hart had acted dopey all the evening and that nobody could account for his being that way. Then he sprung one that knocked me silly.

"Doped the Oranges"

"'I think they got to him in some way and poisoned him,' he said. 'I believe that they doped up the oranges we had in the corner. Hart ate an orange just an hour before the fight and I think somebody who had a big bet down on Hanrahan had doped that as well as the ones we carried into the corner with us.'

"When I heard that I started to feel mighty sick myself, and the more I thought of it the sicker I got. There were rumors, too, that Hart was dying and I began to feel that I was going to pass away myself. Thoughts of how quickly arsenic might act as well as other poisons came to my mind and I rushed for a doctor. The doctor laughed at me, refused to do anything, but gave me a couple of drinks of good Kentucky bourbon and sent me on my way.

"But I got little sleep that night and stuck around until I found out that the dope story was without foundation. But I've never meddled in fighters' buckets since that night."

Firpo's Philosophy

Swinging hand and flashing wrist,
Toe to toe and fist to fist;
Skill or science? What's the use?
Let me set a right hook loose,
Moving back to epochs where
Cavemen battled with the bear,
Slew the mammoth in his lair,
Bringing back in shaggy bands
Raw meat taken with the hands;
That, you say, was long ago,
When the brow was thick and low,
Where the ancient shadow falls
As the Brontosaurus calls,
And along the midnight glen
Ghosts of mammoths range again;
From the Neolithic cleft
I'm the sole survivor left.

GRANTLAND RICE,
New York Tribune.

Jack Dempsey and the Gypsy Fortune Teller

By CLARENCE GILLESPIE

JIMMY DEFOREST, world-famous trainer who is priming Luis Firpo for a series of fights which eventually may lead him to a championship bout with Jack Dempsey, was sitting in Mac Levy's Garden gymnasium the day following the knockout of Bill Brennan by Firpo, when the historic Willard-Dempsey bout was brought up by one of the newspapermen.

"You know, I think that confidence was the biggest asset in Dempsey's favor when he faced Willard," said the scribe to Deforest.

"Yes, I think you're right," chirped in Jimmy. "It was confidence, but I don't think it was the kind of confidence one feels because he realizes his strength and ability are so far superior to that of his opponent, he cannot possibly lose.

"Let me tell you something few persons know," added Jimmy, in word of explanation.

"I have been given my share of the credit for Jack's great showing in his bout with Willard, and I firmly believe I had him so well trained for that contest that nothing short of a miracle would have prevented him from winning either by a knockout or by points. Yet few persons know that my training alone was not the sole factor in his wonderful showing.

"No, it was a woman. Yes, a woman in the case, but not one who could start any heart action. No, just an ordinary gypsy girl.

"It was about a week before the fight that I told several of the scribes that Jack was too finely drawn and that I would have to urge him to discontinue training for several days so as not to have him grow stale before the big event. Jack liked his training and would have preferred to continue heavy work except for the fact that he was a splendid student and knew that I had him gauged properly.

"Well, that day, a gyspy fortune teller entered the camp and immediately everybody started to jolly the woman along. Jack was no exception. That gypsy liked Jack and she urged him to have his fortune told. Jack was a game fellow and he decided to risk a period of nervousness by accepting her offer.

" 'Place some silver in my palm,' the gypsy commanded, and Jack obliged.

" 'Look into my eyes,' she again commanded, and Jack again willingly obliged.

" 'I see two wonderful years for you.' said the gypsy. 'The years 1919 and 1920 will be most profitable to you. You will have a heap of money, you will mingle with kings and princes and you will travel all over the world,' continued the fortune teller.

"She then closed her eyes, and upon opening them, remarked:

" 'I have just seen some trouble ahead for you. You will have to fight hard to get out of this trouble, but it will be as nothing compared to what you will reap in the way of success. Your period of depression will be followed by one of big success and you will be one of the most talked of men in the world. People will be almost ready to bow before you and you will acquire thousands of friends,' wound up the gypsy.

"I never believe in this fortune telling business, nor am I a psychic, but I tell you the words of that woman acted like magic words to Jack. If he never paid any attention to my advice and that of his other advisors, he certainly let the woman's words sink deep into his brain.

"The day before the fight he was as chirpy as a two-year-old and he remarked:

" 'There's nothing to it. I'll win and win easily.'

"He was cheerful and remained in that good humor up to the time he went out to batter Willard into a pulp.

"That woman unconsciously made Jack carry such an abundance of confidence into the ring that it would have taken three Willard's to even throw a scare into him.

"No, I'm not boosting the fortune teller's game with this story. I'm just relating an incident in the training of Jack Dempsey that is worthy of a place in the historic ring records of champions, past and present," were Deforest's parting words.

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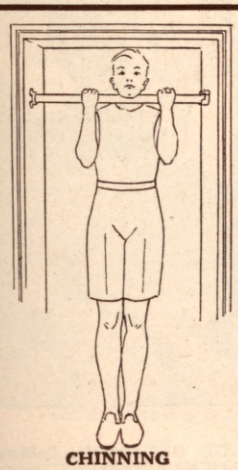

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21—SID BARBARIAN, Detroit
22—PETE HARTLEY, New York
23—PAL MORAN, New Orleans
24—PINKY MITCHELL, Milwaukee
25—ERNIE RICE, English Champion
26—JOHNNY DUNDEE, Junior Lightweight Champion. (A veteran with a great record.)
27—ARCHIE WALKER, New York
28—BENNY PONTHEAU—(New York's Colored Champion)
29—GEORGE (K. O.) CHANEY, Baltimore
30—MICKEY RILEY, Texas
31—BASIL GALIANO, New Orleans
32—RAY PRYEL, Pittsburgh
33—WILLIE HERMAN, Paterson
34—MEL COOGAN, New York
35—SID (KID) FLAKE

Uncle Sam's Jolly Tars Engage in Combat

By LIEUT. HEINIE MILLER

WITH Secretary Denby awarding the belts to the winners in eight classes of boxing and five classes of wrestling, the big joint U. S. Fleet athletic tournament, the Pacific (battle) Fleet opposing the Atlantic (scouting) Fleet, came to a close at Panama City a fortnight ago. On points an overwhelming victory is shown for the Pacific side, consider baseball, rowing and other branches.

The results follow:

Heavyweight boxing—Ted Snyder, U. S. S. Mississippi, West Coast, knocked out Biff Crowley, U. S. S. Utah, in one round.

Light-heavyweight boxing — Patsy Flavin, U. S. S. Idaho, West Coast, won six-round decision over Jack Donnelly, U. S. S. Wright, East Coast, after a great fight.

Middleweight boxing—Fritz Hendricks, U. S. S. Arizona, West Coast, won very unpopular decision after seven rounds over Bull Perry, U. S. S. North Dakota, East Coast.

Welterweight boxing—Billy Vincent, U. S. S. Arizona, West Coast, easily won six-round decision over Hummer Hummell, U. S. S. Wyoming, East Coast.

Lightweight boxing—Joe Fischer, U. S. S. New Mexico, West Coast, won six-round decision over Harry Brabant, U. S. S. Maryland, West Coast. Fischer announced his retirement after ten years of Navy championships. He is thirty-nine years old.

Featherweight boxing—Honey Boy Finnigan, U. S. S. North Dakota, East Coast, won six-round decision over Fighting Jimmy Hackley, U. S. S. California, West Coast. A great fight and a very close decision.

Bantamweight boxing — Blondie Mernorde, U. S. S. Arizona, West Coast, won by default from Sailor Patchett, U. S. S. Quail, East Coast.

Flyweight boxing—Jose Javier, U. S. S. North Dakota, East Coast, won seven-round decision over Pedro Akol, U. S. S. Nevada, West Coast. Both Filipino mess boys.

Heavyweight wrestling — Tarzan Knight, U. S. S. Delaware, East Coast, won by pinning Van Meter, U. S. S. California, West Coast in quick time.

Light-heavyweight wrestling—Tarzan Knight, Delaware, East Coast, made it two for the Delaware when he won the decision over Mike Morris, U. S. S. Mississippi, West Coast.

The flyweight championship in boxing for Central and South America went to the Navy, when Young Dencio, crack Filipino 105-pounder from the Henderson, won from Petro Troncoso, "The Panama Pepper Pod," in twelve rounds. Representative Fred Britten, of Illinois, was referee. He was formerly middleweight amateur champion of the Pacific Coast while a member of San Francisco's famous Olympic Club.

The Navy now holds three Central and South American titles. Sailor Patchett, U. S. S. Quail, has for some time been the bantam champ in these parts. Only a few weeks ago Honey Boy Finnigan, a 3 to 1 shortender, trounced Jose Lombardo, Panama's crack feather champion in twelve rounds.

Tom Sharkey and the Counterfeit Silver Dollars

By IKE DORGAN

MANY a good yarn has been told about Tom Sharkey, but none that from a point of humor equals that of his falling out with Tim McGrath, his manager, over a bag of lead coin. The day that Tom fought Joe Choynski, he was handed a check by the promoters, but thinking they were trying to put one over on him, Tom shouted:

"What's this you're handing me. I want my money, not paper."

"Your money?"replied one of the promoters. "Why that's what we're giving you. Here's a check for the full amount."

"A check is no money," replied the sailor. "I want that kind of money, the kind that's packed in that sack," said Tom as he pointed to a sack in the corner of the office.

The promoters chuckled with joy at Tom's insistence, and one of them remarked:

"You see, Mr. Sharkey, our fighters always get insulted when we pay them off in silver."

"Oh, you can't insult me that way," replied Tom, whereupon he was given a sack containing silver dollars and half dollars.

Tom, overjoyed with the money he possessed, went to his hotel where he and his manager, McGrath, were stopping, and upon finding that the clerk refused to place the sack into the safe because of its size, carried it to his room where he guarded it with eagle eyes. After telling Tim McGrath what he had done, Sharkey went to bed, but every now and then he would sneak out and look under the bed to see if his sack of money was still intact.

Early in the morning, despite protests from McGrath, Tom dressed, took his bag, and began to count his money. He took out one silver dollar and in testing it, bent it. Then he took another and found it also was soft.

Finally, after bending dollar after dollar, it suddenly dawned upon Sharkey that he had been given a bag of counterfeit coin and he shouted:

"By Jimminy, Jim, they're all soft. We've been fooled. They gave us lead dollars."

Tom was ready to run to the promoter and choke him, but he was urged to be calm and was told all would be settled properly later in the day, but he refused to listen. Sharkey continued to rave and McGrath had a hard time keeping him in the hotel.

Just when it seemed things would be smoothened, Tom began to rave again, and he finally insisted that his manager, McGrath, take the counterfeit in payment of his share of the purse. McGrath, naturally refused, whereupon Tom remarked:

"Now listen, Tim. You keep all this money. You can talk better than I and you can pass it all off without any trouble because you know more people here and your friends won't be wise. You know everybody and you can pass all the money."

McGrath refused and when Sharkey lost his temper and threatened action, McGrath calmed him by telling him the joke was a good one and urged Sharkey to take the coin down to the wharf and sell it to the fishermen for sinkers.

Tom then smiled and remarked:

"Never again will I take silver in payment for my services. A check or bills, that will be my pay."

Results of Boxing Bouts

MARCH

5—Ft. Lyons, Col.:
Bud Hamilton beat Al Dale, ten rounds.

6—Casper, Wyo.:
Tommy Commiskey and Harvey Perkins, ten-round draw.

7—Modesto, Calif.:
Dynamite George beat Ed. Werner, four rounds.
Freddie Bonillas beat Eddie Hanley, four rounds.

7—San Francisco, Calif.:
Frankie Denny and Ed. McGovern, four round draw.
Terry McGinn knocked out Harry McGinn, one round.
Kid Manila knocked out Johnny Martin, third round.
Frankie Gomez beat Joe Santos, four rounds.
Young Mack knocked out Bat. Kelly, round.
Bob Flint knocked out Young Dixie Kid, first round.

7—Sterling, Colo.:
Pat Flaherty beat Johnny Finesilver, eight rounds.
Doc. Norton beat Verm Thompson, six rounds.

9—Portland, Ore.:
Johnny Trambitas and Spug Meyers, ten-round draw.
Broken Blossoms beat Joe Kennedy, six rounds.
Frankie Grandetta beat Sailor Gramdee, six rounds.

9—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Frankie McCann beat Willie O'Brien, four rounds.
Racehorse Roberts beat Sailor Riter, four rounds.

9—San Francisco, Calif.:
Kid Moha and Packey McMullin, four round draw.
Mike O'Leary and Jimmy Sacco, four round draw.
Billy Ketchell beat Frankie Thomas, four rounds.
Sunny Jim beat Eddie Richards, four rounds.
Dick Wallace and Sailor Smith, draw.
Sammy Goode and Chick Rocco, four round draw.
Jack Griffin beat Terry McBride, four rounds.
Tim Callahan beat Jack Silver, four rounds.

12—Baltimore, Md.:
Kid Williams knocked out Sammy Sandow, twelve rounds.

12—Rochester, N. Y.:
Jimmy Goodrich beat Chubby Brown, ten rounds.

12—Atlantic City, N. J.:
Ray Mitchell beat Joe Welling, eight rounds.

12—Lynn, Mass.:
Tommy Ryan beat Frankie Daley, ten rounds.

12—New Bedford, Mass.
Chuck Suggs beat Bobby Dyson, twelve rounds.

12—Lowell, Mass.:
Ted Joyce knocked out Al Corbett, four rounds.

12—New Kensington, Pa.:
Young Mantry beat Billy Murphy, ten rounds

13—Forty-seventh Regiment Armory, Brooklyn:
Jackie Moore and Emil Morro, draw, eight rounds.
Joe Kestner beat Joe Eppy, eight rounds.
Freddy Clark and Andy Johnson, eight-round draw.
Sammy Beinfeld knocked out Bob Kessner, two rounds.

13—Mariesville, R. I.:
Joe Clifford beat Charlie Baxter, ten rounds.

13—Sunbury, Pa.:
Allentown Dundee and Al Brown, draw, ten rounds.

13—Boston, Mass.:
Abe Friedman beat Battling Mack, ten rounds.
Henry Ford beat Battling Ketchell, ten rounds.

13—Vernon, Calif.:
Joe Benjamin beat Johnny Reisler, four rounds.

13—Lenox A. C., Hamilton, Ont.:
Kid Roux beat Johnny Brown, twelve rounds.
Carl (Happy) Hieb knocked out Delirios Decker, first round.
Kid Rhodes and Kid Palmer, six-round draw.
Jimmy Gordon beat Fighting Ferraris, six rounds.

14—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Cowboy Williams knocked out Henry Shaw, two rounds.
Sid Buller knocked out Murray Cohen, one round.
Sammy Schact beat Andy Carra, four rounds.
Johnny Green beat Artie Nelson, four rounds.
Jack Snyder knocked out Sammy Blonder, one round.
Herman Rose beat Jack Guida, four rounds.
Dave Weber beat Patsy Brocco, four rounds.
Harry Chantzler beat Joe Rocco, four rounds.

14—Buffalo, N. Y.:
Mickey Walker beat Charley Fitzsimmons, twelve rounds.
Eddie Fitzsimmons beat Allentown Dundee, ten rounds.

14—Hartford, Conn.:
Al Shubert beat Kid Kaplan, twelve rounds.

14—Fall River, Mass.:
George Lee beat Earl France, twelve rounds.

14—Reading, Pa.:
Battling Paskos beat Indian Russel, eight rounds.

14—San Francisco, Calif.:
Charley Sullivan and Young Papke, four-round draw.
Ned Gavin knocked out Fight Pete Smith, one round.
Johnny Lamar beat Joe Harn, four rounds.
Earl Force and Joe O'Connor, four-round draw.
Jack Kirk beat Jimmy Dixon, four rounds.
Frankie Sands beat Johnny Russell four rounds.
Young Sharkey beat Jimmy Roth, four rounds.

14—San Francisco, Calif.:
Jimmy Duffy knocked out Jack Josephs, second round.
Ray Pelkey beat Tom King, four rounds.
Terio Vargas and Johnny Farr, four-round draw.
Russ Pierce beat Bobby Burns, four rounds.
Charley Martino and Bud Fisher, four-round draw.
Bobby Gray knocked out Young Baker, four rounds.

15—Armory, Orange, N. J.:
Phil Krug beat Bryan Downey, twelve rounds.
Harry Martone beat Joe Senter, ten rounds.
Buck Thomas beat Willie Crystal, eight rounds.
Fred Burke beat Johnny Britt, four rounds.

15—Columbus Sporting Club, Yonkers, N. Y.:
Pete Hartley beat Shamus O'Brien, twelve rounds.
Johnny Middie beat Johnny Price four rounds.
Anthony Amendola knocked out Frankie Foy, first round.
Tom Wint beat Claude Taylor, six rounds.
Billy Bell beat Al Diamond, six rounds.

15—Perth Amboy, N. J.:
Jay Lanahan beat Joe McCartney, twelve rounds.

15—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Danny Kramer beat Pedro Campo, eight rounds.
Harry Brown beat Tommy Coney, eight rounds.
Len Rowlands and Eddie Revoir, eight-round draw.
Benny Paschel and Billy Hines, six-round draw.
Terry Costello knocked out Rube Hall, two rounds.

15—Bridgeport, Conn.:
Ed Kelley knocked out Babe Sheppard, one round.
Johnny Allen and Young Stamford, ten-round draw.
Panama Barney beat Wee Wee Barton, ten rounds.

15—Broadway Exhibition Association, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
George Ward beat Soldier Bartfield, twelve rounds.
Charley Delacarti and Nick Quaglirelli, four-round draw.
Pete Scarano beat Willie Pierson, six rounds.
Joey Silvers knocked out Anthony Palmer, six rounds.
Jimmy Cancro beat Marty Williams, six rounds.

15—102nd Medical Regiment Armory, New York City:
Wildman Gould beat Jack McVeym, eight rounds.
Buddy Wallace won on a foul from Dave Medar, fourth round.
Jimmy Gaudy beat Dominick Servido, eight rounds.
Jack Douglass and Soldier Jones, eight-round draw.
Frank Merrill beat Willie Young, four rounds.

15—Paulsboro, N. J.:
Ray Smith knocked out Paul Van Heemback, three rounds.
Jimmy McGovern beat Young Finch, six rounds.
Jay Grimm knocked out Kid Thompson, six rounds.
George Beck knocked out Bob Phillips, four rounds.

15—Yamika, Wash.:
Marty Foley beat Danny Needham, six rounds.

15—Tacoma, Wash.:
Moe Gorman knocked out Frankie Britt, third round.

16—Pueblo, Colo.:
Bud Hamilton knocked out Mike Pagano, two rounds.

16—San Francisco, Calif.:
Billy Gibbs beat Racehorse Roberts, four rounds.
Jimmy Sacco beat Eddie White, four rounds.
Tommy Gardner and Sunny Jim, four-round draw.
Teddy Seidman beat Kid Moha, four rounds.
Jack Griffin beat Johnny Ketchell, four rounds.
Jack Silver beat Johnny Clarkson, four rounds.
Chico Rocco beat Johnny Gleason, four rounds.

16—Portland, Ore.:
California Joe Lynch and Billy Mascott, ten-round draw.
Rocco Strambo knocked out Bob Getz, first round.

16—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Frankie McCann beat Sailor Walters, four rounds.
Teddy Silva beat Dandy Dick Griffin four rounds.

16—Madison Square Garden, New York City:
Elino Flores beat Tommy Noble, ten rounds.
Pal Moore beat Harvey Bright, ten rounds.
Harvey Bright beat Mike Ballerino ten rounds.
Louis Gugliemini and Joe Ryder, six-round draw.
Tony Vaccarelli knocked out Willie Ryan, one round.

16—Freeport Sporting Club, Freeport, L. I.:
Nate Isaacman beat Sammy Berne, twelve rounds.
Johnny Lustig beat Harvey Wilson, three rounds.

16—Holyoke, Mass.:
Andy Chaney beat Jimmy Cooney, ten rounds.
Willie O'Connell beat Joe Melito, ten rounds.

16—St. Paul, Minn.:
Jock Malone knocked out Mike O'Dowd, one round.

16—Brockton, Mass.
Archie Walker knocked out Kid Dube, two rounds.

16—Lewiston, Me.:
Eddie Shevlin knocked out Al Sears three rounds.

16—Lawrence, Mass.:
Henry Ford beat Mike Castle, ten rounds.

16—Windsor, Ontario:
Carl Tremaine beat Johnny Ertle, ten rounds.

16—Erie, Pa.:
Charley O'Connell beat Johnny Rebo ten rounds.

16—Omaha, Neb.:
Bermondsey Billy Wells beat Frankie Schcell, ten rounds.

16—Duluth, Minn.:
Jimmy Delaney beat Billy Shade, ten rounds.

16—Youngstown, Ohio:
Teddy Joyce beat Eddie O'Dowd, ten rounds.

16—Omaha, Neb.:
Tony Herman knocked out Emil Enberg, nine rounds.

17—Minneapolis, Minn.:
Dago Joe Gans knocked out Gus Bloomberg, fifth round.
Del La Pointe beat Benny Kaskell, six rounds.
Le Schwabel and Red Blanchard, six-round draw.
Artie Schiere beat Jack Skelley, four rounds.

17—Dublin, Ireland:
Mike McTigue beat Battling Siki, twenty rounds.

17—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Midget Smith beat Larry Goldberg, twelve rounds.
Corporal Schwartz knocked out Joe Dundee, three rounds.

17—Ninth Regiment Armory, New York City:
Petey Hayes beat Willie Powell, twelve rounds.
Bobby Wagner beat Mickey Black, eight rounds.

17—Rink Sporting Club, Brooklyn, N.Y.:
Joe Tiplitz beat Pat Mills, twelve rounds.
Bobby Garcia knocked out Joey Leonard, six rounds.

17—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Charley Goodman beat Manny Jacobson, twelve rounds.
Mocky Smith beat Sailor Hoffman, ten rounds.

19—Salt Lake City, Utah:
Herman Auerbach beat Mickey Shannon, six rounds.
Lew Dennison and Leonard Laramie, four-round draw.

19—Juarez, Mexico:
Jimmy Russo beat Kid Pancho, fifteen rounds.
Joe Brown and Battling Chico, four-round draw.

19—Salt Creek, Wyo.:
Bud Hamilton knocked out Ray Talbert, one round.

19—Denver, Colo.:
Tommy Comiskey knocked out Luther McCarthy, one round.
Kid Belt and Harry Bramer, eight-round draw.
Smiling Kelly beat Eddie Mumma, four rounds.

19—Harlem-Fairmont Sporting Club, New York City:
Harry London beat Billy Ryckoff twelve rounds.
Carl Duane knocked out Jackie Cope, one round.
Sid Terriss beat Joey Silvers, six rounds.
Lew Hurley beat Terry Martin, six rounds.

19—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Pancho Villa beat Young Montreal, eight rounds.
Elino Flores beat Danny Rodgers, eight rounds.
Bobby Wolgast beat Mike Ballerino, eight rounds.
Al Gordon beat Mike Moran, eight rounds.
Midget Kilburn beat Bobby Allen, eight rounds.

19—Chicago, Ill.:
Joe Burman beat Joe Lynch, eight rounds.
Mike Dundee beat Patsy Flanagan, ten rounds.
Eddie Anderson beat Harold Smith ten rounds.
Frankie Schaefer beat Frank Garcia, ten rounds.

19—Trenton, N. J.:
Charley Goodman beat Charley Hayes, twelve rounds.

19—Columbus, Ohio:
Pete Zivic knocked out Roy Moore, five rounds.

19—Troy, N. Y.:
K. O. Phil Kaplan beat Young Laurette, twelve rounds.

19—Baltimore, Md.:
Eddie Burnbrook and Phil Bloom, twelve-round draw.

19—Pottsville, Pa.:
Tommy Cleary beat Al Brown, eight rounds.

19—Atlantic City, N. J.:
George Russell beat Johnny Garduer, twelve rounds.

19—Worcester, Mass.:
Archie Walker beat Solly Green, ten rounds.

19—Lowell, Mass.:
Jimmy Cooney won on a foul from Billy Defoe, five rounds.

19—Lynn, Mass.:
Jimmy Cox beat Frankie Quill, ten rounds.

19—Providence, R. I.:
Jack Delaney and Jimmy O'Gatty, no contest, five rounds.

20—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Joe Benjamin knocked out Red Cole, second round.

20—Seattle, Wash.:
Dandy Dillon beat Vic Foley, six rounds.

20—Pioneer Sporting Club, New York City:
Sammy Seiger beat Babe Herman, twelve rounds.
Willie Davis beat Frankie Curry, ten rounds.

20—Forty-Seventh Regiment Armory, Brooklyn:
Frankie Coster knocked out Willie Clarkson, five rounds.
Alex Kid Gibbons knocked out Eddie Benson, first round.
George Werner beat Johnny Lustige, eight rounds.
Eddie Clifford knocked out Earl Corbett, first round.

20—Boston, Mass.:
Abe Friedman beat Spencer Gardner, ten rounds.

20—Albany, N. Y.:
Jimmy Butch O'Hagan beat Italian Joe Gans, twelve rounds.
Charley Arthurs knocked out Howard Hall, seven rounds.

20—Harrisburg, Pa.:
Benny Schwartz beat Battling Murray, ten rounds.
Ivory Eshelman knocked out Joe Clarke, two rounds.

20—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Johnny Maybrook and Charley Lewis, eight-round draw.

21—Sixty-Ninth Regiment Armory, New York City:
Tommy Chip beat Frankie Otto, eight rounds.
Frankie Cronin beat Danny Lyons, eight rounds.
Mike Sweeney beat Harry Breen, six rounds.

22—San Francisco:
Joe Coffey beat Eddie Gorman, four rounds.
Frankie Denny beat Ray Neuman, four rounds.
Joe Harn beat Frankie Goez, four rounds.
Joe Santos beat Speedball Anderson, four rounds.
Joe Morrissey and Frankie Parslow, four-round draw.
Bill Mullen and Willie Campbell, four-round draw.
Frankie Edwards and Jack White, four-round draw.

22—First Regiment Armory, Newark, N. J.:
Mickey Walker beat Pete Latzo, twelve rounds.
Johnny Gannon beat Charley Traino, ten rounds.
Jack Rappaport beat Jack McFarland, eight rounds.
Wee Willie Burns knocked out Young Anthony, eight rounds.

22—Broadway Exhibition Assn., Brooklyn:
Vincent Pepper Martin beat Frankie Edwards, twelve rounds.
Mickey Nelson beat Lew Goldberg, ten rounds.

22—102d Medical Regiment Armory, New York City:
Willie Galligan beat Murray Bressner, ten rounds.
Joe Savoila beat Freddy Clark, eight rounds.
Dave Medar beat Bobby O'Neill, eight rounds.

22—Hamilton A. A., Passaic, N. J.:
Willie Herman-George Brown, stopped by referee in fourth round.

22—Columbus Sporting Club, Yonkers, N. Y.:
Al Norton beat Barney Adair, twelve rounds.
Paul Fargo knocked out Eddie Clifford, one round.
Henry Shaw beat Lloyd Murphy, eight rounds.
Sammy Beinfeld beat Joe Chantzler, four rounds.

22—Philadelphia, Pa.:
George K. O. Chaney knocked out Pep O'Brien, one round.
Johnny Donnelly beat Young Mickey, eight rounds.

22—Wilkes-Barre, Pa.:
Jimmy Mendo and Young Montreal, eight-round draw.

22—Scranton, Pa.:
Frankie Sinclair and Joey Schwartz, ten-round draw.

22—Lowell, Mass.:
Lew Paluso beat Newport Johnny Brown, ten rounds.

22—Quincy, Mass.:
Paul DeSalvo beat Joe Pangraze, ten rounds.

22—St. Louis, Mo.:
Midget Smith beat Pee Wee Kaiser, ten rounds.

23—Aurora, Colo.:
Jack Doyle knocked out Champion Tampico, two rounds.
George Moser knocked out Allie Mack, five rounds.
Soldier Wilson knocked out Charley Miller, five rounds.

23—Fifteenth Regiment Armory, New York City:
Jack McVey knocked out George Manser, nine rounds.
Kid Alfred lost to Young Rocco, eight rounds.

23—Freeport Sporting Club, Freeport, L. I.:
Wee Wee Willie Spencer beat Jimmy Tomasula, ten rounds.
Jackie Marlowe beat Corona Kid, eight rounds.

23—Troxler's, Newark, N. J.:
Al Wortman knocked out Stanley Ketchell, six rounds.

23—Philadelpha, Pa.:
Charley Doyle beat Tommy Golden, eight rounds.

23—Fall River, Mass.:
Red Chapman beat Paul Demers, ten rounds.

23—Woonsocket, R. I.:
Wildman Gould beat Johnny Darcey, ten rounds.

23—Lewiston, Me.:
Billy Woods and Jimmy Cox, twelve-round draw.

23—San Francisco, Cal.:
Tom Kelly beat Billy Gibbs, four rounds.
Jimmy Sacco beat Eddie White, four rounds.
Bobby Allen beat Jack Clifford, four rounds.
Billy Gradeau beat Jimmy Gallagher, four rounds.
Sammy Goode and Chick Rocco, four-round draw.
Terry McBride knocked out Johnny O'Connor, one round.
Billy Springfield knocked out Johnny Carlson, third round.

23—Milwaukee, Wis.:
Tommy O'Brien and Joe Jawson, ten-round draw.

23—Sacramento, Cal.:
Joe Azevedo and Mel Coogan, four-round draw.
Tommy O'Leary and Jimmy Roach, four-round draw.

23—Los Angeles, Cal.:
Bud Soules and Sailor Ashmore, four-round draw.
Earl McArthur and Dandy Dick Griffin, four-round draw.

23—Phoenix, Ariz.:
Mike Doyle beat Otto Wallace, ten rounds.

23—Tucson, Ariz.:
Frankie Murphy and Dick Twin Dundee, ten-round draw.

24—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Herb Brodie beat Nate Isaacman, twelve rounds.

24—Waterbury, Conn.:
Pancho Villa beat Willie Darcey, twelve rounds.
Pete August beat Elino Flores, ten rounds.
Jim Montgomery and K. O. Lemy, draw ten rounds.

24—Paris, France:
Francis Charles beat Maurice Prunier, fifteen rounds.
Fred Bretonnell beat Leon Poutet, fifteen rounds.

24—Rink Sporting Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Lou Bogash beat Andy Kid Palmer, fifteen rounds.
Johnny Gray beat Frankie Coster, ten rounds.

24—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Frankie Jerome beat Buck Josephs, twelve rounds.
Wilbur Cohen and Vincent Salvatore, twelve-round draw.

24—Ninth Regiment Armory, New York City:
Ruby Stein beat Al Glory, ten rounds.

24—212th Regiment Armory, New York City:
Tony Marto and Marty Powell, eight-round draw.
Eddie Fletcher and Dave Astey, eight-round draw.
Buddy Wallace and Joe Florio, eight-round draw.

26—Arena A. C., Jersey City, N. J.:
Irish Johnny Curtin beat Young Montreal, twelve rounds.
Johnny Dacry beat Willie Dillon, ten rounds.
Mike O'Keefe knocked out Billy Hinners, one round.

26—San Francisco:
Ray Pelky beat Jim Tracey, four rounds.
Johnny Farr beat California Joe Lynch, four rounds.
Eddie Macey beat Dynamite Murphy, four rounds.
Frank Barrieau knocked out Eddie Richards, third round.
Russ Pierce beat Tim Callahan, four rounds.
Louis Garcia knocked out Dick Eliss, third round.
Charley Martino and Bud Fisher, four-round draw.

26—Hot Springs, Ark.:
Johnny Lisse won on a foul from Eddie Ketchell, five rounds.

26—Salt Lake City:
Jack Vincelli knocked out Frankie Murphy, first round.

26—Pendleton, Ore.:
Danny Needham beat Mickey Rockton, ten rounds.

26—Birmingham, Ala.:
Claude Wilson and Tim O'Dowd, ten-round draw.

26—London, England:
Jack Blumfield knocked out Soldier Jones, five rounds.

26—Peoria, Ill.:
Tom Gibbons knocked out Andy Schmader, one round.

26—Harlem-Fairmont Sporting Club, New York City:
Charley Pilkington beat Johnny Leonard, twelve rounds.
Willie Davis beat Willie Daney, ten rounds.
Joe Lewis beat K. O. Jaffe, eight rounds.

26—Broadway Exhibition Assn., Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Nick Foley beat Sammy Seiger, twelve rounds.

26—New Bedford, Mass.:
Joe Curry beat Charley Manty, ten rounds.

26—Lathbridge, Alberta:
Jack Taylor beat Gene O'Connor, straight falls.

26—Tulsa, Okla.:
Joe Toots Mondt beat Dick Daviscourt, two straight falls.

26—Scranton, Pa.:
Jimmy Kelly beat Frankie Murphy, ten rounds.

26—Lancaster, Pa.:
Nate Isaacman beat Joe Welling, eight rounds.

26—Armory A. A., Boston:
Floyd Johnson knocked out Ray Thompson, one round.

26—Lynn, Mass.:
Jack Perry beat Johnny Herman, ten rounds.

26—Manchester, N. H.:
Johnny Hartao beat Young Price, ten rounds.

26—Meriden, Conn.:
Tracey Ferguson beat Young Leonard, ten rounds.

27—Pioneer Sporting Club, New York City:
Kid Norfolk beat Jack Taylor, twelve rounds.
Willie Garber beat Jimmy Mars, ten rounds.

27—Los Angeles, Cal.:
Al Grunan and Johnny Reisler, four rounds.
Willie Hundefield beat Teddy O'Hara, four rounds.
Georgie Marks beat Ad Rudlidoux, four rounds.

27—Seattle, Wash.:
Bud Ridley knocked out Joe Gorman, two rounds.
George Burns beat Joe Black, four rounds.
Frankie Grandetta beat Tommy Yolas, four rounds.
Red Campbell beat Boy McCaslin, four rounds.
Frankie Green and Ludwig Jones, four-round draw.

27—Forty-seventh Regiment Armory, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Ruby Stein beat Sammy Melfin, eight rounds.
Joe Savoila knocked out Jack Greenspan, fourth round.
Jimmy Werner and Harry Lamar, eight-round draw.
Eddie Weiss knocked out Bert Lederstick, second round.

27—Toledo, Ohio:
Carl Tremainde beat Joe Nelson, ten rounds.

27—Albany, N. Y.:
Jimmy Dacry and Young Fisher, twelve-round draw.

27—Scranton, Pa.:
Frankie Schoell beat Johnny Griffiths, ten rounds.

27—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Johnny Krause and Duser Kelly, eight-round draw.

27—Reading, Pa.:
Rap Belmont beat Indian Russell, eight rounds.

28—Rink Sporting Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Luis Firpo beat Jim Hibbard, four rounds.
Frankie Conway beat Bert Beach, four rounds.
Lew Chester beat Battling Anton, four rounds.
Mickey Romano beat Billy Ryckoff, four rounds.
Bernie Bedeu beat Lew Goldberg, four rounds.
Jack Bernstein beat Sammy Green, four rounds.

29—Portland, Ore.:
Frank Farmer beat Rocco Strangelia, ten rounds.

29—Los Angeles:
Willie O'Brient beat Larry Murphy, four rounds.
Young McGovern beat Young Dick Hoppe, four rounds.
Pete Herman knocked out Mike Salono, four rounds.

29—Broadway Exhibition Assn., Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Wee Wee Willie Spencer beat Harry London, twelve rounds.
Charley Ryder beat Mickey Brown, six rounds.
Nat Pincus beat Mickey Nelson, six rounds.
Eddie Martin knocked out Wally Land, one round.

29—102nd Medical Regiment Armory, New York City:
Joe Kestner beat Young Diamond, twelve rounds.
Joe Wright and Mickey Black, eight-round draw.
Willie Galligan knocked out Battling Larry, seven rounds.

29—Freeport Sporting Club, Freeport, L. I.:
Buck Josephs beat Vincent Salvatore, twelve rounds.
Bill Henry beat Otto Johnson, eight rounds.

29—McKeesport, Pa.:
Pete Zivic beat Abe Goldstein, ten rounds.

29—Oakland, Calif.:
Ray Pelkey beat Jim Tracey, four rounds.

30—Fifteenth Regiment Armory, New York City:
Willie Walker beat Jack Douglass, twelve rounds.
Edwin Rielly beat Kid Bates, eight rounds.
Charley Myers beat Abe Brown, four rounds.
Revan Hawkes and Dave Silvers, four-round draw.

30—Saskatoon, Sask.:
Jack Taylor beat Buck Alsen, one fall.

31—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Panama Joe Gans knocked out Cowboy Williams, ninth round.
Earl France beat Sid Buller, twelve rounds.

31—212th Regiment Armory, New York City:
Frankie Coster beat Terry Martin, eight rounds.
Jackie Marlowe beat Young Eppy, eight rounds.
Al Studdy knocked out Freddy Clark, sixth round.

31—Ninth Regiment Armory, New York City:
Lee Wedo beat Jimmy Foley, eight rounds.
Pete Hayes knocked out Jack O'Brien, one round.
Jimmy Roberts won on a foul from George Werber, five rounds.
Morris Meola knocked out Harry Coleman, six rounds.

31—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Jay Lanahan beat Bobby Lyons, twelve rounds.

Scotty Williams beat Marty Silvers, six rounds.
Johnny Solzberg beat Jack Guida, six rounds.

31—Mexico City:
Sam Langford knocked out Kid Savage, one round.

31—Portland, Me.:
Kid Norfolk knocked out Wolf Larsen, one round.

APRIL

2—Trenton, N. J.:
Tim Droney beat Wildman Gould, ten rounds.
Dave Shuster and Eddie Faraday, eight-round draw.
Eddie Fisher beat Roxey Raymond, six rounds.

2—York, Pa.:
Johnny Gill knocked out Mike Grefell, four rounds.
Kid Frey beat Steve Nitchey, ten rounds.
Harry Smith knocked out Jack Chappel, first round.

2—Atlantic City, N. J.:
Al Gordon beat Wilbur Cohen, eight rounds.
Jackie Babel knocked out Sailor Joe Foster, third round.
George Siddons beat Battling Frisco, six rounds.
Chick Weasey beat Finkey Kauffmann, six rounds.
Joey Reynolds knocked out Chick Hayes, third round.

2—Baltimore, Md.:
Frankie Murray beat Nate Carp, twelve rounds.

2—New Orleans,:
Pete Hartley beat Joe Motranga, fifteen rounds.

2—Cincinnati, O.:
Speedy Sparks knocked out Al Walthers, fifth round.

2—Memphis, Tenn.:
Young Sharkey beat Tommy Fowkles, eight rounds.

2—Youngstown, O.:
Jimmy Jones and Pete Latzo, twelve round draw.

2—Broadway Exhibition Assn., Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Harry (Kid) Brown beat Pat Mills, twelve rounds.
Eddie Martin beat Jimmy Bartin, six rounds.
Johnny Vesti beat Jerry Sullivan, six rounds.
Dan Guiney beat Willie Baggie, six rounds.
Johnny Regan beat Jimmy Carlson, four rounds.

2—Rochester, N. Y.:
Lou Bogash and Bryan Downey, twelve-round draw.

2—Pittsburgh, Pa.:
Jack Renault and Martin Martin, disqualified for stalling.

2—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Pinkey Mitchell knocked out Bobby Barrett, third round.
Alex Hart beat Ray Mitchell, eight rounds.
Cuddy DeMarco beat Johnny Brown, eight rounds.
Joey Fox beat K. O. Joe O'Donnell, eight rounds.
Eddie Brady beat Joe Ritchie, eight rounds.

2—Troy, N. Y.:
K. O. Phil Kaplan knocked out Izzy Tanner, six rounds.

2—Buffalo, N. Y.:
Jimmy Goodrich beat Frankie Callahan, ten rounds.

2—Detroit, Mich.:
Sid Barbarian beat Willie Doyle, fifteen rounds.
Tommy Burns beat Jimmy Land, six rounds.
Whitie Black beat Dixie Kid, six rounds.

2—Toronto, Canada:
Billy Wells and Frankie Schoell, disqualified for stalling.

2—Lynn, Mass.:
Jack Dillon beat Billy Shine, ten rounds.

2—Butte, Mont.:
George Sollis knocked out Sammy Gordon, twelve rounds.

2—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Young Brown beat Johnny Reisler, four rounds.
Widon Wign beat Henry Gastine, four rounds.

2—Seattle, Wash.:
Ted Krache beat Jack Joseph, ten rounds.

3—Boston, Mass.:
Henry Ford won on a foul from Tommy Lee, six rounds.

3—Harrison, N. J.:
Big Jim Holliday knocked out Billy Moore, third round.
Johnny Dixon beat Harry Cadman, eight rounds.
Joe Russell beat Mickey Taylor, six rounds.

3—Louisville, Ky.:
Young Dillon beat Johnny Carson, eight rounds.
Joe Paglina knocked out Chalky Wimler, tenth round.
Bum Nolan beat Blondy Ellis, six rounds.
Frank Corcoran beat Young Tucker, four rounds.

3—Pioneer Sporting Club, New York City:
Johnny Clinton knocked out Jimmy Carroll, five rounds.
Tony Lyons beat Jack McFarland, twelve rounds.
Al Diamond beat Frankie Canca, four rounds.
Pete Scarano beat Emil Blazer, four rounds.
Davey Jones beat Danny Hickey, six rounds.

3—Forty-seventh Regiment Armory, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Joe Glick knocked out Roy Taylor, three rounds.
Joe Kestner knocked out Harry Simmons, three rounds.
Leroy Powell beat Murray Bressner, eight rounds.
Pete Hayes knocked out Eddie Clifford, six rounds.
Harry Sutton knocked out Billy Wells, two rounds.
Gus Eckhardt beat Battling Ledersticks, four rounds.

3—Albany, N. Y.:
Jabez White beat Willie Spencer, twelve rounds.
Manny Wexler beat Kid Rash, ten rounds.
Frankie Curley beat A. Kauffmann, ten rounds.

3—Worcester, Mass.:
Archie Walker beat Georgie Lee, ten rounds.

3—Scranton, Pa.:
Jimmy Goodrich beat Pedro Campo, eight rounds.

3—Easton, Pa.:
Bobby Michaels knocked out Tommy Cleary, seven rounds.
Honey Boy Evans knocked out Johnny Krause, second round.
Tommy West beat Battling Andy, six rounds.
Kid Morgan beat Andy Martelli, four rounds.

3—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Martin Judge beat Johnny Shearin, eight rounds.
Bobby Michaels knocked out Young Smith, three rounds.
Young Daugherty knocked out Jimmy Hensen, three rounds.
Frankie Howard beat Willie Costello, six rounds.
Jerry Lang beat Percy Walker, six rounds.

4—Harlem-Fairmont Sporting Club, New York City:
Frankie Jerome beat Harry London, twelve rounds.
Tony Vacarelli beat Herman Rose, six rounds.
Jack Snyder beat Tommy Hilton, six rounds.
Lew Siglia knocked out Andy Carra, four rounds.
Carl Rindone beat Georgie Doherty, four rounds.

4—Wilkes-Barre, Pa.:
Mickey Walker knocked out Johnny Gill, two rounds.

4—Chicago, Ill.:
Joe Lynch beat Midget Smith, ten rounds.
Frankie Genero beat Bud Taylor, ten rounds.
Patsy Flanagan beat Jack Eile, fifth round.
Jimmy Anderson beat Mike Snyder, six rounds.

4—Mariesville, O.:
Harry Martin beat Young Montreal, ten rounds.
Tommy Lynch and Eddie Mack, ten-round draw.

4—Baltimore, Md.:
Bobby Garcia won on a foul from Kid Williams, ninth round.

4—Lewiston, Me.:
Jeff Smith beat Dan Dowd, twelve rounds.

4—Springfield, O.:
Tut Jackson beat Jamaica Kid, twelve rounds.

4—Shenandoah:
Frankie Ferro beat Al Willis, eight rounds.

4—Scranton, Pa.:
Freddy Thompson beat Joe Ritchie, ten rounds.
Bobby Tracey beat Billy Allen, eight rounds.

4—San Francisco:
Billy Shade and Jack Reeves, four-round draw.
Frankie Denny and Frank Barrieau, four-round draw.
Billy Cordeau beat Claire Bromeo, four rounds.
Joe Coffey beat Eddie Gorman, four rounds.
Jack Griffin knocked out Charley Rogers, two rounds.
Louis Garcia and Tim Callahan, four-round draw.
Young Sharkey and Bobby Grey, four-round draw.

4—Los Angeles:
Jake Stahl beat Charley Sullivan, four-round draw.
Fernando Herman knocked out Benny Walker, three rounds.
Young Springfield knocked out Art Emory, three rounds.
Johnny McFarland beat Joe Monohan, four rounds.
Gene Kelly beat Kid Ciroacco, four rounds.
Jimmy Landrigan beat Speedball Anderson, four rounds.
Kid Manila beat Mike Randa, four rounds.

5—Modesto, Calif.:
Midnight Edmundson beat Sailor Lee, four rounds.
Frankie Bonillas knocked out Johnny Condie, one round.

5—San Mateo, Calif.:
Teddy Seidman and Joe Coffey, four-round draw.
Terry McBride and Tommy Cello, four-round draw.
Eddie Kelly beat Pedro Villa, four rounds.
Pussy Neuman beat Battling Kelly, four rounds.
Joe Roche knocked out Frankie Edwards, first round.
Johnny Drexel knocked out Joe Rayes, two rounds.

5—102nd Medical Regiment Armory, New York City:
Charley Murray beat Tony Marto, twelve rounds.
Joe Favoila beat Frankie Otto, eight rounds.

5—Grand Rapids, Mich.:
Joe Lohman and Floyd Johnson, ten-round draw.

5—Passaic, N. J.:
Lew Hurley beat Frankie Fasano, twelve rounds.

5—Columbus Sporting Club, Yonkers:
Bobby Bolin beat Abe Bierman, six rounds.

5—Armory, Orange, N. J.:
Al Delmont knocked out Jimmy Freda, six rounds.
Joe McCartney beat Irish Fagen, ten rounds.

5—Bridgeport, Conn.:
Jack Douglass beat Ed Keeley, ten rounds.
Panama Barney beat Wee Wee Barton, ten rounds.

5—Lowell, Mass.:
Lew Paluso knocked out Irving Jampol, three rounds.

5—Hartford, Conn.:
Willie O'Connell beat Spike Marino, ten rounds.

5—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Danny Kramer knocked out Frankie Rice, one round.
Harry (Kid) Brown beat Philadelphia Joe Welling, eight rounds.
Danny Cooney beat Pedro Campo, eight rounds.
Benny Bass beat Billy Hines, eight rounds.
Lew Rawlins beat Jim Sullivan, eight rounds.

5—Scranton, Pa.:
Joey Schwartz beat Frankie Sinclair, ten rounds.
Billy Pollock beat Maxey Green, ten rounds.

5—Allentown, Pa.:
Indian Russell knocked out Ray Belmont, three rounds.

6—Freeport Sporting Club, Freeport, L. I.:
Nate Isaacman beat Frankie Pitcher, twelve rounds.
Joe Skinner beat Mexican Joe Rivers, six rounds.
Al Studdy beat Conny George, six rounds.

6—Fall River, Mass.:
Irish Johnny Curtin beat Jabez White, ten rounds.

6—Holyoke, Mass.:
Jimmy Cooney beat Tommy Noble, ten rounds.

6—Lawrence, Mass.:
Al Shubert won on a foul from Jack Lawler, five rounds.

6—Brockton, Mass.:
Frankie Quill beat Jimmy Cox, ten rounds.

6—Utica, N. Y.:
Young Fisher beat Leo Leonard, ten rounds.

6—Syracuse, N. Y.:
Mixer Mitchell knocked out Mike Konrad, eleven rounds.

6—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Eddie Revoire beat Wally Hinkle, eight rounds.

6—Baltimore, Md.:
Irish Johnny Fagen and Midget Kilburn, six-round draw.

6—Kalamazoo, Mich.:
Homer Smith beat Jack Clifford, ten rounds.

7—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Terry Martin beat Harry Battling Leonard, twelve rounds.
Billy Houlihan won on a foul from Frank Powers, four rounds.
Sammy Bienfeld beat August Marino, six rounds.
George Bender beat Barney Schiff, four rounds.

7—Ninth Regiment Armory, New York City:
Le Roy Powell beat Willie Galligan, twelve rounds.
Joe Kestner beat Tommy Fay, eight rounds.
Wee Jimmy Collins beat Johnny Flynn, four rounds.
Buddy Sullivan and Terry Young, four-round draw.
Al Engle knocked out Mike Sweeney, third round.

7—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, Brooklyn:
Carlos Scaglia knocked out Tom McKiernan, five rounds.
Lew Perfetti beat Jack Feldman, six rounds.
Ralph Esposito and Sammy Goodman, four-round draw.
Sid Burt beat Freddy Locke, four rounds.
Murray Bressner beat Johnny Maggio, six rounds.

7—Rink Sporting Club, Brooklyn:
Phil Kaplan knocked out Frank Denanzio, twelve rounds.
Herb Brodie knocked out Mike Horan, three rounds.
Eddie Martin beat Mickey Romano, six rounds.
Jimmy Reese beat Joe Tobin, six rounds.
Jimmy O'Neill beat Ray Durso, four rounds.

7—Mexico City:
Sam Langford knocked out Andres Balsa, six rounds.

9—Broadway Exhibition Association, Brooklyn:
Johnny Gray and Billy Ryckoff, twelve-round draw.
Marty Summers beat Moe Herscovitch, twelve rounds.
Willie Singer beat K. O. Joe Daly, six rounds.
Tony Palmer beat Dominick Mastrion, four rounds.

9—Brighton Sporting Club, Staten Island:
Dutch Brandt and Billy Murphy, twelve-round draw.
Willie Ryan beat Joe Denny, six rounds.
Frankie Gergano and Joe Curry, six-round draw.
Frank Ruby knocked out Al Kauffman, fourth round.

9—Harlem-Fairmont Sporting Club, New York City:
Danny Lee and Maxey Williamson, disqualified for stalling:
Charley Rosenberg beat Manny Wexler, ten rounds.
Charley Pilkington beat Sammy Stone, ten rounds.
Al Diamond knocked out Joe Heath, second round.
Joe Steer beat Sid Wein, four rounds.

9—Buffalo, N. Y.:
Jimmy Goodrich and Benny Valger, twelve-round draw.
Charley O'Connell beat Teddy Myers, ten rounds.

9—Pittsburgh, Pa.:
Frankie Brown beat Cuddy DeMarco, ten rounds.

9—Detroit, Mich.:
Bob Sage beat Young Fisher, ten rounds.

(Continued on page 26)

Minute Rests Between Rounds

By EDDIE BORDEN

COWBOY LEE WILLIAMS, of Oklahoma, arrived here several months ago, unheralded, unknown, and sought fistic engagements.

He was given an opportunity to display his wares at the Commonwealth Sporting Club of Harlem in a six-round preliminary engagement. He made good from the start by scoring a one round knockout over Cyclone Clifford.

Lee went back the next week and defeated Joe Werner in six one-sided rounds.

While attending the bouts as a spectator at the Commonwealth Club the following week, he was pressed into service in an emergency against Henry Shaw, a fast rising colored welterweight from Harlem. After four of the wildest rounds ever seen at the club, the decision was rendered a draw.

Cowboy Williams was then matched with Pete Williams of Brooklyn, in the semi-final of twelve rounds, for the following week's program and he disposed of Williams through the knock-out route in three rounds.

In four weeks he had engaged in four consecutive contests at the same club and seemed to go better with each performance.

Two weeks later he fought a return match with Henry Shaw in the stellar event, and startled the gathering by knocking out Shaw in the second round.

In the period of six weeks he had engaged in five bouts, all at the Commonwealth Sporting Club, and had become a genuine favorite with the boxing fans of that vicinity.

The crucial test then arrived. He was matched with "Panama" Joe Gans, the colored welterweight and middle weight champion of the world and noted as one of the "smartest" boxers in the game. This bout also took place at the Commonwealth Sporting Club and Gans, with his polished boxing skill, made the Cowboy appear like a veritable novice. After making a show of Williams for eight rounds he stopped the Cowboy in the ninth round. All of which shows that a boxer requires considerable preliminary work against men of his own ability and should not be pitted against the cream of his division before he is ripe for the crucial test.

Benny O'Neil, who once was rated ace high amongst the leading bantams of the country, has settled down to the simple life and is residing on a farm outside of Union, N. J. Benny retired at the crest of his career to please his wife, and does not regret the step that he took. He wishes to be remembered to his former associates.

Jack Johnson, the former heavyweight champion of the world, is still reflecting in the glares of the spotlight. Jack trains arduously each noon time at Mac Levy's Garden Gymnasium before an admiring audience that crowds the gym to see him perform. "Realm of Pure Harmony!" that is the description of his standing with all his fellow tradesmen. He has gained many new friends by his willingness to teach the younger deciples the trade of "Swat."

Lew Raymond, who, despite many attempts to break out of the boxing game always manages to hop right back again, has returned to New York. Lew made connections with some organization to sell their line on the road, but after three weeks travelling got lonesome and hustled right back to the big city. He was appointed matchmaker of the Queensboro A. C. for the coming summer. This is an outdoor arena seating 10,000 persons, and Raymond should make things hum with some of his well known matches.

Frankie Conway, who formerly resided in Camden, N. J., is now making New York his headquarters, and is seeking fistic engagements hereabouts. Frankie is a bantamweight and has fought all the leading bantams around Philadelphia. Once he gets a start, he will be in demand.

Hilly Levins, the diminutive bantam from Soney Island, traveled away out to Chicago to engage in a contest with Frank Eile. From all reports advanced to New York, he won easily and made a big hit with the fans. He will stay there for a few more bouts.

From clippings and information received from Schenectady, we wish to correct an error that appeared in the last issue of the RING.

Johnny Leonard, of Allentown, was given credit for a victory over Johnny ColClough, of Schenectady, in their ten-round engagement on the ninth of last month, at Schenectady, N. Y.

The official verdict was a draw, and to all appearances the decision favored Leonard. ColClough is a youngster who has been coming to the fore lately and will be heard of in the near future.

Silas Green, the light heavyweight champion of Canada, through his manager, Eli Bourdon, issues a sweeping challenge to all the leading men of his weight around the country. No one is barred and he is particularly anxious to cross gloves with Kid Norfolk.

Johnny Buff, the former flyweight champion of America, and bantamweight champion of the world, is still fighting in the hopes to regain the form that he once possessed when he was a dangerous and mighty fighting man.

Johnny made a trip to the Coast a short time ago, but it turned out to be an unsuccessful venture. His deep and undaunted courage still remains undimmed, and he intends to keep battling until the tide turns in his favor. Lew Diamond is still his manager, and he has unlimited confidence in his charge's ability.

At that we think Buff could give Villa or Genaro a stiff argument. Buff is a credit to the game and a fighter from the word go. He will be seen in several bouts at the Oakland A. A. of Jersey City this summer.

August Pisano, the Coney Island youngster, who has been seen in action so often of late, will take a well earned vacation and hike himself off to Sydney, N. Y., where he will remain for a month. His continuous battling has made him somewhat stale, and he will do nothing but rest.

Joe Ryder and Louis Gugliemini have the distinction of furnishing one of the hottest contests ever seen in the confines of ancient Madison Square Garden in the closing bout of the season. Joe is the only one who has a victory over Sid Terris—a knockout one.

Rocky Smith, who formerly fought around New Jersey, is now in a convalescent state. He is recovering from the injuries that he suffered in the late World War. He is located at the United States Veterans Hospital in New Haven, Conn., and will soon be ready for actual ring combat. His old friend, Joe Shugrue, will guide his destinies, and it is our sincerest wish that they make a successful entry. Rocky scales around 160 pounds and will fight at 156 pounds when in trim.

Henny Catena, holder of the flyweight championship of the National Guard, has the title under his wing for about a year. Now, however, there is trouble ahead. A figure looms up that will afford Henny many sleepless nights in the person of Corporal Schwartz. Schwartz has been coming along meteorically for the past few months and is about the only match worth while for Catena.

This match will pack any Armory in New York City, and should be worth going miles to see.

Jackie Marlowe, the pride of Rockaway Beach, is raving because he cannot find any opponents to oppose him. Jackie has to fight both in the licensed clubs and the Armories to keep busy, but is still discontented. "WON'T SOMEONE COME OUT WITH A CHALLENGE FOR POOR JACKIE?"

Will someone please find the whereabouts of Al Brown? This featherweight from the East Side made a great showing in the Garden against Jackie Harris some time ago, but has disappeared and no one has been able to locate him.

Al is above the average type of pugilist, and his loss will be keenly felt by his many admirers.

Mark Bendon and Ray Skea, two live wire managers from Orange, N. J., come forward with some challenges to contenders in various divisions on behalf of their proteges.

Karl Herz, colored welterweight, issues a special challenge to Mickey Walker, or Johnny Wilson, and absolutely refuses to take a penny for his services.

Midget Joe Ritchie, smallest battler in the game, weighing only 100 pounds, defies any fly or bantamweight in the game. He is desirous of meeting Frankie Genaro or Pancho Villa.

Battling Tendler, who performs like his namesake Lew, fears no one in his class. He would like to meet Irish Johnny Curtin, Eddie Anderson, Midget Smith or Spencer Gardner.

Jack Feldman, fast rising flyweight, is challenging all the men fighting in his class. Jack and his capable manager, Johnny Attell, make a great combination that is sure to be heard from in

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BOXING BOUTS—

(*Continued from page* 25)

9—Birmingham, Ala.:
Al Pettingill beat Claude Wilson, ten rounds.

9—Chicago, Ill.:
Charley White beat Johnny Williams, ten rounds.
Harold Smith and Eddie Coulon, ten-round draw.

9—Atlantic City, N. J.:
Billy Pimpus beat Mike Moran, eight rounds.
Wally Hinkle beat Al Walters, eight rounds.
Willie Paterson and Joe Carlo, six-round draw.
Young Joe Bradley beat Al Markey, six rounds.
Sammy Robinson knocked out Kid Brooks, third round.

9—Lancaster, Pa.:
Rosey Stoy beat Johnny Rose, twelve rounds.

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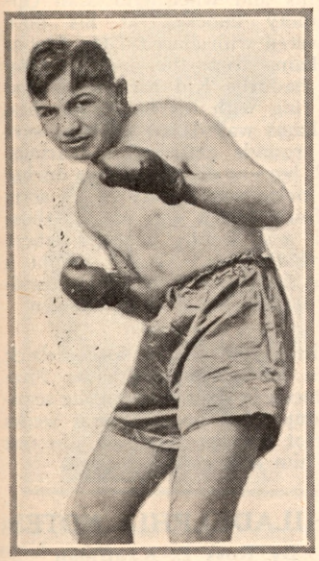
the near future. Jack's last conquest was a three-round knockout victory over Jack Mazio.

Sammy Green from Harlem, a stable-mate of Jack Berstein, is trespassing on Bernstein's territory. He is beating several of Jack's prospective opponents. He works out the Yonkers lad, and will soon be fighting on top.

Lew Goldberg, Brownsville contender for the flyweight title, has shown great improvement in his recent ring contests. He is now ready to step out after bigger game. Goldberg has fought Nat Pincus five times, Willie Suess twice, Frankie Julian twice, Johnny Curray, and Corporal Schwartz, and has confidence in his own ability. His



Benny Gould, the Canadian featherweight champion, who startled the fistic world by scoring a knockout over Charley Beecher

manager, Joe Likecap, has been handling his affairs ever since he left the amateurs, and shows good judgment in selecting Lew's opponents.

K. O. Phil Delmont of the East Side, boasts of being the most unfortunate fighter in the game to-day. Phil battles on the average of once every six months, due to brittle hands. After he engages in a bout, his hands go back on him, and he is forced to rest. Phil has a healthy kick in his right mitt and is never shy of using it.

Frankie Edwards, a rough and aggressive little southpaw from the East Side, is gaining rapid fame at the expense of Pepper Martin of Brooklyn. Frankie was opponent shy at one time, on account of his unorthodox style of milling. Pepper took a chance and took him on for a twelve-round tussle. After a spectacular affair lasting the limit, Martin won the decision. The fight was so good that they were rematched for another twelve-rounder. Martin won again, but after another intense session that lasted the full distance. At this writing they have engaged in torrid combat three times, and are still full of fight.

The well known fistic combination of Jimmy Kelly and Johnny Keyes, has dissolved partnership. In the future Johnny Keyes will traverse the pugilistic highway on his own accord. The benefit boxing show staged for the late Andy Thomas's relatives was responsible for the break. Pepper Martin, the "star" of the stable, was slated to appear in the feature bout of twelve rounds, but owing to a broken wrist that he sustained in a previous contest, was not able to go on. Kelly insisted that Martin should have made his appearance, if not to box, just to be introduced. Keyes sided with Martin, and there lies the cause of the break.

Keyes will undertake the management of Pepper Martin, Terry Martin, Charley Ryder and Billy Hamilton, while Kelly will remain on the sidelines for the present time.

Pete Zivic, of Pittsburgh, turned in a neat piece of work when he beat Abe Goldstein, of New York, recently. Pete scored two knockdowns and won all the way over Abie.

Jack Zivic, brother of Pete, is regaining the form that he once possessed. He will be a mighty serious person to reckon with. Jack's right hand is better than ever, and it's only a question of time before he will be in a position to challenge Benny Leonard for the lightweight title.

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BOXING NEWS FROM "OUT WHERE THE WEST BEGINS"

By BOBBY PAUL

Boxing is thriving in Sioux City. There are three clubs running, and each plays to capacity.

Iowa has not legalized boxing, but nevertheless the vast crowds warrant the need of a clean, legalized bill to keep the sport out of the *numerous* floating boxing promoters' hands, and there are many in this vicinity.

Johnny Schiff, famous globe trotter and boxing manager, has located here. He is acting as matchmaker for the "Sportsman's Club," vets of the Foreign Wars and American Legion, and has been appointed to stage the big Sioux Falls-South Dakota Athletic Show on July 3. The fans here have great faith in his shows, as he is a native-born. He knows his step in the game, and has been crowned "The Leo Flynn of the Middle West."

Battling Monroe, a big colored middleweight from the East, is making his home here. He is under the management of the writer. All of the white middles are taking other routes when Monroe's name is mentioned. He has a good record, and should make it interesting for any opponent. He fights at 155-160 pounds.

South Dakota has passed a boxing bill, and the sport is going to enjoy much prosperity, as this section is the gold mine of the West. All the boxing fans here are the red-blooded type of sportsmen.

Sioux Falls is planning a big athletic event and celebration for July 1-2-3 and 4, all events to be staged by the American Legion. The Legion has offered a $5,000 purse for a good boxing program, and has appointed Johnny Schiff (former service man) as grand impresario. He is burning the wires in search of talent. He plans to use "Connie Curry," the little Iowa Thunderbolt, bantam, with either "Pancho Villa" or Frankie Genaro, and Ted Zanfes, Sioux City's welter champion, with Morris Schlaiffer or Jack Britton.

Earl McArthur, hard-hitting Sioux City bantam, has just returned from a successful invasion of the Pacific Coast. Earl had considerable difficulty in landing matches. He states that a big trust governs the coast four-round game, and unless one is a member it is next to impossible to secure bouts. Earl is a fine chap, a clean fighter and a terrific hitter. Ask Jack Sharkey or Pal Moore!

The Hawkeye State (Iowa) is staging shows throughout the state. It is staging bouts at Davenport, Des Moines, Sioux City, Clinton, Dubuque, Cedar Rapids, Council Bluffs, Fort Dodge, and numerous small towns. In each instance the game has enjoyed real life and prosperity. The boxing fans are hoping that a suitable bill will soon be introduced to legalize the sport. One is being sponsored by the American Legion.

A new sporting paper, "The Ring," has made its home with the fans. The book is a big issue, has hundreds of admirers, and contains snappy boxing news that cannot be found in the other boxing papers. It is a great seller, and, with its flashy cover and contents, is in big demand at the shows.

OHIO BOXING NEWS

By GEORGE LEVECQUE

With the coming of the open-air boxing season many big matches will be scheduled in the larger cities of Ohio. Cleveland stepped in with an offer to stage a match between Jack Dempsey and Tommy Gibbons, but it is doubtful whether this contest will be held there. Columbus will open with a match on May 7 between Jock Malone and Young Fisher. Toledo has several big bouts in the making, and there is a possibility of Cincinnati putting on a bout between George Chaney and K. O. Mars, of Cincinnati. Anthony Downey and Jack Perry are to meet at Columbus some time in May, and there is talk of another match between Billy Ryan and Anthony Downey, who boxed recently at Cincinnati to the largest crowd ever attending a match in that city. This match ended in a draw, so a second meeting is necessary to decide the Cincinnati championship.

Many of the nearby cities in adjoining states are also to handle big open-air shows. Indianapolis will show in the baseball park of that city; Louisville will again open its Broadway arena, where weekly matches will be held, and Covington, Ky., just across the

Sammy Bienfeld, ex-amateur flyweight, whose entry in the professional ranks has been a successful one

river from Cincinnati, where the big Riverside arena is located, will also open some time in May with matches of high class. Hamilton, O., intends to stage open-air shows, and Mingo Junction is trying to get

Managers, Fight Promoters and Advertisers are warned against turning over money to Fred Mitchell, former boxer, who is soliciting Ads for THE RING. He has no connection with this paper and money given to him is at the risk of the advertisers. THE RING will not be responsible for any business transacted with Fred Mitchell of Roxburg, Mass.

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Bob Martin and Joe Downey for its Decoration Day card. Altogether it looks like a busy summer season for the out-of-doors shows.

Ohio has three boxers who appear to be headed for the championship. Carl Tremaine, of Cleveland, is picked by men of this state as a sure shot for the bantam title. Anthony Downey, of Cincinnati, who on March 5 decisively defeated Soldier Bartfield, is looked upon as a strong contender for the middleweight crown, and K. O. Mars, also of Cincinnati, is generally conceded as the next 130-pound champion. These three boxers pack the arenas of this state any time they start. All three are at present in their best fighting form.

Edward Heverin, of Louisville, is trying to make a match between Mickey Walker and Anthony Downey, to be staged at Louisville, Ky., on the eve of the big turf classic—the Kentucky Derby—May 19, at which time, it is believed, there will be 70,000 visitors in Louisville bent on seeing sport.

At Columbus, O., April 2, K. O. Mars of Cincinnati won the referee's decision over Tony Zill of Youngstown, O., in a contest of 12 rounds. Mars' victory was decisive. Zill claims to have won four newspaper decisions over Sid Barbarian of Detroit.

Jimmy Katz, the Toledo flyweight, whom ring experts maintain is a suitable opponent for Pancho Villa, is soon to box Don Carson at Indianapolis. Katz recently invaded the south where he defeated Claude Wilson, the southern flyweight champion, receiving a draw for his pains from a home town referee.

The reports that Bryan Downey has been slipping are evidently untrue, judging from the recent battles of the Cleveland middleweight. Too much work, necessitating much strenuous training, is probably what bothered Downey.

Tut Jackson was given a decision over Jamaica Kid at Springfield, O., April 4, after 12 rounds. The contest was spirited throughout. Jackson proved too big for Jamaica.

At Dayton, O., recently, Alex Novecky of Covington, Ky., boxed a 10-round draw with Billy Thorpe of Dayton. Now the two boxers are wanted back for a second meeting. It was a great battle.

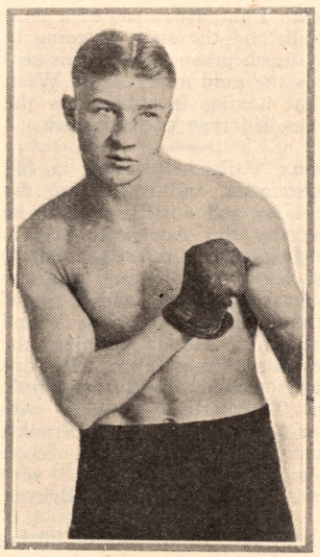
Billy Ryan, the Cincinnati middleweight, has been reinstated by the Cincinnati commission. He was suspended for refusing to box Soldier Bartfield.

BALTIMORE COMMENT

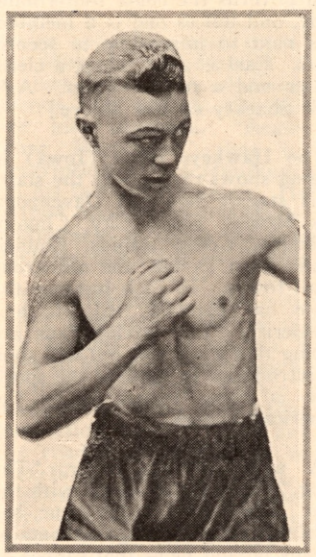
By JAMES RAYMOND PRICE

Eddie Burnbrock, the soldier lad from Camp Holabird, received a temporary setback when he was held to a draw by Phil Bloom, New York's veteran welterweight. Eddie was headed for a battle with Mickey Walker for the championship and his manager, Jimmy Bronson, picked Bloom as another stepping stone. But Bloom threw a monkey wrench in the works and in the opinion of many ringsiders was entitled to the decision. The boys will probably be matched again in the near future.

Benny Schwartz, former Southern flyweight king, has parted company with Al Lang and has placed himself under the management of Benny Franklin, matchmaker of the Olympia A. C. Schwartz in his first start under Franklin's wing journeyed to Harrisburg and trounced Pete Husic and a few nights later earned the verdict over Joe Belmont in a hair raising encounter in the Gayety Theatre, staged by Max Waxman. Joe in his first start bout put up a wonderful fight, but Schwartz's greater experience was too much of a handicap.



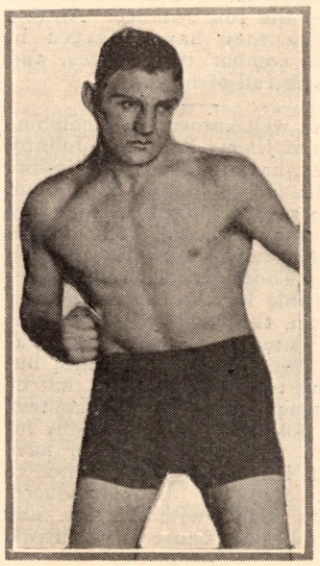
Jack Pry, of Salamanca, who is rapidly climbing to the top of the welterweight class in the western part of New York State



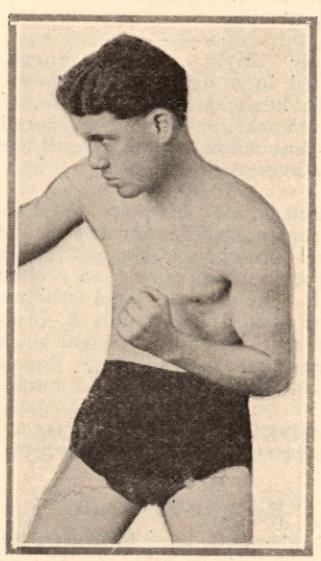
Al Haltzman, a crack 118-pounder from Philadelphia, who has been boxing with great success in the last few months

Battling Dundee and Hank Dundee settled a long standing grudge when they clashed in the semi-windup to the Schwartz-Belmont bout. Dundee, the Battler, with his pile-driving blows, had Hank on the floor several times, but the latter was a glutton for punishment and although he lost he gained a host of friends by the plucky fight he made.

Nate Carp, Sammy Harris' flyweight, was the victim of another weird decision when the judges handed Frankie Murray of Philadelphia the long end of the purse in their scrap on April 2 before the National A. C. Carp floored Murray twice with what the latter claimed were fouls, but Referee Daley refused to allow the protest. The only time Murray did any real fighting was in the last round when he backed Carp around with a shower of rights and lefts to the head, but Nate was none the worse for wear when the milling ended. Some of the judges in recent bouts here have surely seen the fighting in strange lights and it's a hard matter to tell how they justify their decisions.



Rocky Marion, of Richmond, Va., a welter of great promise, who has been winning consistently in his own State



Paddy Murphy, a fast and clever 118-pounder from Portland, Ore., who has beaten some of the best boys on the Western Coast

Charlie Baum, local welterweight, is back in shape again and judging by his short work of Johnny Moran his hands are not giving him any more trouble. Baum is clamoring for a fight with Eddie Burnbrock.

Kid Williams, former bantam champion, met his Waterloo on April 4, when Bob Garcia, weighing 124 pounds and trained to the minute, battered the Tiger all over the ring for nine rounds and then was given the bout on a foul when Williams sank a hard punch to the groin. Williams, from all appearances, must have figured Garcia a setup, for he was woefully out of condition. Mexican Bob, who is a comrade of Eddie Burnbrock in Camp Holabird, has been going great guns during the winter months and when Old Man Opportunity knocked at his door answered with alacrity. He flew at Williams from the opening gong and had the Kid backing around the ring with his heavy punches. Williams was dazed and was several rounds getting his bearings. Both boys at different times during the melee were guilty of all sorts of fouls, but it was one of those wild and woolly mixups where everthing goes. Garcia fought a great fight and with proper handling will be heard from later on.

Little Jeff staged a comeback when he lambasted Young Fitzsimmons in six rounds in the semi-windup. Jeff spent several weeks at Hot Springs, Ark., and the rest did him a world of good.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES

By Ross E. Kauffman (North American)

Philadelphia boxing fans are looking forward to the greatest outdoor season in the history of the sport. Messrs. Bobby Gunnis and Herman (Muggsy) Taylor have obtained the rights to the Phillies Park and will hold a number of all-star shows there. They are busy at present lining up some of the world's champions.

Joe Smith, manager of Tommy Loughran, the clever middleweight, claims that Jeff Smith ran out of a second meeting with his protege. These two rivals met some time ago in Scranton and Loughran won. It looks as though they may get together in a Philadelphia ring before long.

Battling Smith, a marine light heavyweight is in Philadelphia and Ernest Colant is trying to hook him up with any of the 175 pounders. Smith is a former sparring partner of Ad Stone.

K. O. (Joe) O'Donnell, the Gloucester blacksmith, is back in the fighting game again after being laid up for awhile with injuries. O'Donnell has met some of the greatest boys in the bantam class.

Adam Ryan the old time fighter, who has been conducting a boxing gymnasium in the Quaker City for a number of years, plans to run open air shows again in the Logan section this summer.

Andy (Kid) Palmer, the sturdy middleweight who has fought in almost every big city where boxing is popular, has joined the staff of boxers managed by Bobby Gunnis.

Although suffering from failing eyesight, "Knockout" Willie Loughlin, the veteran Bethlehem, Pa., welterweight, is still taking on opponents and meeting with success.

"Boo Boo" Hoff, who looks after the interests of Kid Wolfe, the clever flyweight, still insists that his lad is destined to become a champion. Hoff also has Al Gordon in his stable.

Emil Morro has been boxing with rapid success in the Regiment Armories around New York. He is a Cuban and lives in Buffalo

Tim Droney, the Lancaster lightweight is angling for another bout with either Lew Tendler or Benny Leonard. The Lancaster lad made a big hit recently in Louisville when he defeated Ted Merchant.

Manager Jimmy Dougherty has mapped out a busy spring and summer campaign for Bobby Barrett, the Clifton Heights lightweight. Bobby was laid up with rheumatism for awhile but he apparently has shaken it from his system and is ready to mix with any of the lightweights. Dougherty never did the soft ones for Bobby, and does not intend to start now.

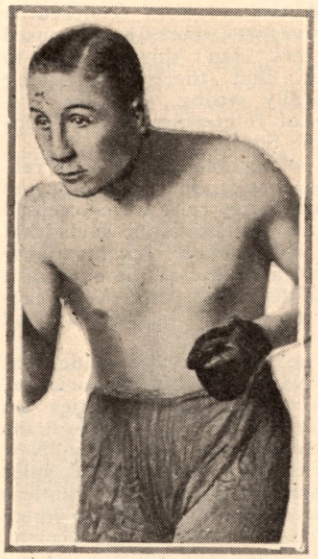
Jack Palmer, the Southwark welterweight, is on the trail of Champion Mickey Walker and is willing to mingle with the Newark star either in a Philadelphia or northern New Jersey ring.

Dick Conlon, the clever lightweight from Altoona, Pa., is out with a defi through his manager C. A. Piper, to meet any of the topnotchers. Conlon bars no one at 135 pounds. He has met such boys as Alex Hart, Joe Reno, Willie Herman, Johnny Reno and Tommy Cleary.

When champion Mickey Walker was set down by the New York State Boxing Commission for his slow bout in Buffalo, he also aroused the ire of the Philadelphia Commission and chairman Furey Ellis announced that Mickey will not be able to show here until he is in the good graces of the metropolitan body again. Walker has always pleased in his Quaker City appearances.

Johnny Royce has resumed training after being on the sidelines for several weeks. He is anxious to meet all the flyweights and show that he is deserving of a bout with Champion Frankie Genaro.

Jimmy Fryer, the veteran downtown fighter, who appeared in many sensational bouts in and around Philadelphia, has turned manager and is now looking after the interests of Joe Bush, a middleweight and Eddie McLaughlin, a welterweight. Fryer boxes with his boys every day.



Pat Mills, lightweight champion of Ireland, who made good against Joe Tiplitz in his first American start

Johnny Marino has been engaging in strict training and is willing to mingle with Al Gordon, Hank McGovern, Bobby Wolgast, Kid Wolfe or any of the other little fellows.

Jim Daly, old time sparring partner of James J. Corbett, rarely lets a day pass that he does not box a few rounds and then top it off with eighteen or thirty-six holes of golf at Cobb's Creek course. Daly says golf has kept him in such splendid condition.

COLORADO GOSSIP
By SAM BUXBAUM

Cal Chearis, matchmaker for the Elks at Sterling, Colo., has a boy in Pat Flaherty who looks like a comer. Flaherty weighs 150 pounds and will develop into a middleweight before long; he is coming right along, winning his bouts in handy style and learning the finer points of the game under the watchful eye of Chearis.

George "Bull" Moser, Southern welterweight, has made a big hit with the fight fans in the Rocky Mountain regions. In his three starts, he kayoed each of his opponents inside of three rounds. The fans like his willing, hard-hitting style.

Young Raymond, 108 pound boxer of Trinidad, is a clever chap and will some day carve his name in the pugilistic hall of fame if he listens to his careful manager, Jack Holder.

Young Dempsey is another clever lad from Trinidad who is coming along nicely. Dempsey weighs 115 pounds.

Young Billy Papke of Sacramento who has been making Denver his home for the past year, is still going good and giving the younger boys he meets a hard run for their money. Papke at one time was looked upon as a comer. He boxed some of the best boys his weight in the country a few years back.

Lew Goldberg, flyweight from Brownsville, is compiling an enviable record with the youngsters in New York City

George Manley, Denver middleweight boxer, would make a lot of the first flight birds step some if he were given the chance. Manley is a tall, rangy boxer with a kayo kick in both mitts.

A couple of real fellows that will make a hit with any boxer or manager that may show before their club, are, Harry Brown and Dick Costello. They treat a fellow royal when he visits Salt Creek, Wyo., and we believe that if they owned all the oil wells in the Salt Creek district they would give them away.

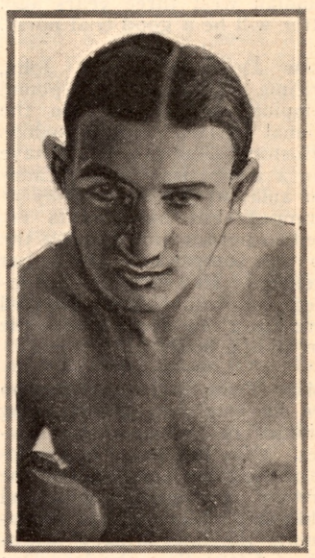
Their card featuring Bud Hamilton, hard-hitting bantam weight, with Ray Talbert was a humdinger while it lasted. Hamilton made a hit with the fans when he rocked his opponent to sleep in the first round, and they want him for future shows.

THE RING made its introduction and 100 copies were sold in less time than it takes to tell it. It was a very welcome visitor.

Friends of Sam Day, well known sports writer from around Chicago, are wondering what became of him. Well, Sam is at Casper, Wyo., and is editor-in-chief of the Casper Herald.

Clyde Dodds, a new starter in the welterweight division, looks like a promising youngster. Dodds is a fast, clever, hard hitter and can take a hard sock, as he has shown in his workouts with some of the best Denver pugs.

Tommy Commiskey, Denver's promising middleweight boxer, is going so good that he is about fighting himself out of opponents around these parts and will have to invade other fields before long.



Lew Chester, former amateur of Brooklyn, who is holding his own in the welterweight class

HEARD IN EASTERN CANADA
By BILL McNULTY

Killing the goose that lays the golden egg seems to be the favorite sport of a few pugs and those undesirables in the boxing game in the maritime provinces. Indications were that boxing would get going in satisfactory style in a number of the cities and towns in the territory, but those connected with the game and who profit by the sport have been responsible for injuring boxing. In Halifax the game was going good, when a bout between Nedder Healey of Halifax and John McIntyre of Glace Bay, N. S., caused the police to hoist the ban again after only a few months of activity following another ban caused by unscrupulous promoters. The consensus of opinion regarding the Healey-McIntyre bout was that Healey won by about fourteen city blocks, but Tom Foley, the referee, decided McIntyre was the winner, hence the action.

In St. John, boxing was being revived, when along came a bout between Johnny McIntyre of Glace Bay and Joe Irvine of St. John, and the fans were stung

very badly. The commission which has since been deposed should have ordered the money of both fighters given to charity.

Machine Gun Smith, middleweight, of St. John, claims the middleweight championship of the maritime provinces and is willing to clash with anybody in the maritimes who disputes his claim.

John H. Nolan, Glace Bay heavyweight, may meet Tom Cotter of Boston, in Glace Bay in the near future. An opponent for Nolan has been sought in the maritime provinces but without success. Reports state Nolan has improved since he went to the Canadian west three years ago. Cotter will be a good trial horse.

Lew Donovan of St. John, maritime amateur 118-pound champion, will compete in the national amateur championships in Boston. Donovan would have been a competitor in the Canadian amateur boxing tourney at Winnipeg, but his parents refused to permit him to make the trip unaccompanied. He is but seventeen. Had he gone to Winnipeg he would have arrived there but a few hours before the start of the bouts.

Mike Twin Sullivan of Boston says he wants to resume ring activities in the maritime provinces. Mike has boxed in a number of the cities and towns in the territory as a welterweight and middleweight, having had as opponents the late Mickey McIntyre of Glace Bay, the late Dan Littlejohn of St. John, Beth McLeod of St. John, Tom Foley of Halifax, Al Mahoney of Lawrence, Mass.

Kid Paris of Plasterville wants to meet Johnny McIntyre again. The Kid avers he can beat McIntyre and also Nedder Healey of Halifax. But although Paris is tough, his chances of beating McIntyre or Healey are none too bright. However, he has hopes.

CONNECTICUT NEWS
By A. A. ALBELLI

With a complete reorganization of the sport originating with the creation of the State Boxing Commission a couple of years ago, boxing in the Nutmeg State has come back into its own again and there is a tendency apparently that it will reach unprecedented heights of popularity with thousands of boxing enthusiasts throughout the State. Every move in the professional end of the sport is regulated by a commission and the three members of the body are always represented at every show which takes place in territory under their jurisdiction, regardless of what nook in the State the bouts are being staged.

The recent ejection from a Hartford ring of two performers who were not doing their best evidently won over an increased host of supporters of the sport and the commission was everywhere commended for the action. The stage is set in Connecticut for still bigger game and there are indications that topnotchers from all parts of the country will be brought to the land of steady habits to perform during the summer months. Open air boxing is now receiving considerable attention.

Those interested in boxing in this State and who are ever watchful of the progress of the sport, carved out another niche in the hall of fistic fame when they succeeded in having a measure passed through the recent legislature which permits the use of the state armories for boxing shows. Several such performances have already been run and have been reported as successful enterprises.

George Mulligan, of Waterbury, persists in placing his home town in a respectable place in the realm of fistiana. His recent venture in engaging Pancho Villa and Elino Flores in bouts in the Brass City has won much respect for him and although the enterprise was not such a huge success financially, his daring spirit in bringing first class performers to his town has paved a favorable path for any future undertakings. Mulligan intends to put on another show some time later in the month and has been negotiating for the bouts for some time now and he expects to have four topnotchers on his card.

Whenever boxing reaches a stagnant stage in New Haven and there appear some hopes of its revival, the Nutmeg Athletic Club comes forth and puts on a popular card which has always rekindled interest in the sport, and the bouts which they staged on April 12, featuring Joe Currie, acknowledged New England featherweight champion, and Al Shubert, once more revived interest in the sport, and the Nutmeg Athletic Club is being popularly congratulated for its efforts in bringing back the sport to its former plane in the Elm City.

Following the Nutmeg Club bouts there was already talk current amongst the boxing moguls in the Elm City of staging several big bouts in open air during the coming summer months.

New Haven is gradually taking on its pristine atmosphere as far as boxing is concerned and a varied amount of ring crop is beginning to appear on the horizon. A new gymnasium for boxers only was recently opened in this city at which several ring celebrities, including national and local favorites, do their daily stuff. The gym is under the management of Arabona Brothers.

WHEN IS A DRAW NOT A DRAW?
By Mal McGilvery
Owner of National Sports Club of Shreveport

Is it possible for a referee, according to the accepted manner of scoring the five cardinal points of the Marquis of Queensberry code, to hand down a draw verdict?

You will note please that I have said a draw verdict, NOT a decision.

A storm in a teacup has been raised by the Southern sports writers over the ruling made to his referees by the writer, owner of the National Sports Club of Shreveport, La., that in future no such verdicts as draws must be rendered by them.

Let's explain in detail.

In a fifteen-round contest and where the principals have signed to box not more than fifteen rounds to a decision, how on earth any referee worthy of the name can correctly score five points to a round and then at the close of the fifteenth round call the result a draw? It can't be done, man, it can't be done.

Since August, 1921, when legalized boxing took root in Shreveport, forty-three draw verdicts have been rendered in Shreveport rings by licensed referees. Isn't this sufficient to show that there's something radically wrong with the system of refereeing as it obtains in the South.

Looking back to old-time records, that is, since the time the Queensberry rules were accepted as the standard, one finds that the old-time referees invariably found a winner at the close of a long distance battle. Why cannot they do it in this day and age?

The suggestion is made that the National Boxing Association, the recognized authorities on professional boxing in the United States, outside of New York City, should frame rules to guide their almost countless referees, draw up the code which would instruct the "third men" in the ring and so stop for all time this obnoxous draw bunk.

There are many referees who are tickled to death when one of the contestants is floored for the "nine-out" count. It is then a simple matter for the referee to raise the winner's mitt after he had finished counting.

There are referees of so-called experience who endeavor to score the winner of each round at the conclusion of each three minutes' battling, but those who are willing to exhibit their tally sheet at the finish of any contest and explain, say to the newspapermen, just how they arrived at their deductions are few and far between.

NORTHWEST PACIFIC NOTES
By JOE WATERMAN

Bud Ridley scored a technical knockout over Joe Gorman in two rounds of the most thrilling boxing ever witnessed in the Seattle Arena. It was the first time in Gorman's nine years of ring contests that he has ever been stopped.

The Northwest is wild about two young loggers who have become fistic sensations during the past six months. They are Ted Krache of Aberdeen, Wash., and Dode Bercott of Monroe, Wash., who have been beating all comers. Krache's latest victim was none other than Jack Josephs of St. Paul, whom the youngster beat in every one of the six rounds. Bercott and Krache are 137-pounders and a bout between them will do doubt draw the record house for local boxing.

Stanley McBride and Ben Tracy have arrived from Australia and are seeking matches. McBride is an American who spent a year in the Antipodes, his last battle there ending in a defeat at the hands of Freddie Jacks. Tracy is a lightweight who is quite a globe-trotter.

Vic Foley, the Vancouver Flash, claimant of the bantamweight championship of Canada, will get a real test when he faces speedy Bud Manning of Seattle in the 10-round main event of the opening show in the Vancouver Ice Arena this month.

Austin & Salt have moved their headquarters to a new building at Ninth and Olive Streets, Seattle, in what many consider is one of the finest and largest gymnasiums in the world. Dan Salt attends to promoting boxing shows, while Lonnie Austin is handling a string of boxers of whom Doe Bercott is the star.

Mike Paulson, veteran welterweight of Minneapolis, is in the Northwest under the management of Dick Sharp. Paulson will probably be matched with Travie Davis for a starter.

Northwest promoters are after "Sailor Slim" Ashmore, welterweight champion of the Pacific Coast, to come up from California and meet Travie Davis for the coast title. Ashmore won the title by beating Phil Salvadore at Los Angeles about two months ago.

Bud Ridley will soon go east again as the little fellow is about all out of opponents on the Pacific Coast. He has been forced to take on lightweights recently in order to get action.

Boxing will close this month in Tacoma and probably Portland. Seattle and Vancouver will show all summer in the ice-hockey arenas, which seat between 6,000 and 8,000 people.

FISTIC GOSSIP FROM SOUTH
By MAL McGILVERY

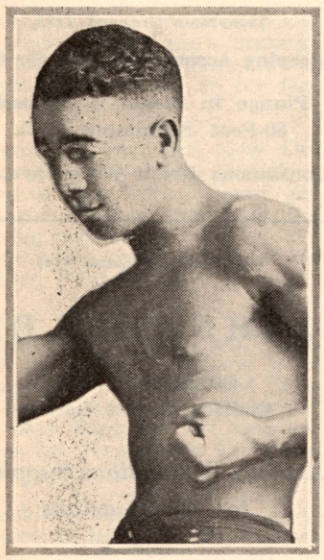
Frankie Tucker, originally from the Pacific slope but now from Hot Springs, Ark., by his victory over Tony Caponi, New York lightweight, at Shreveport, La., March 26th, proved that he has to be reckoned with in the 135-pound division.

Tucker gained Referee Moak's decision only afer a terrific battle over 15 rounds and although their were some squawks over the result, second thoughts proved that the decision was a just, even if close, one.

The winner with a world of experience has yet to be defeated in a Southern ring and it looks as if any lightweights who may be imported to the South to face him will require to look to their laurels if they hope to conquer the Californian. Frankie has a punch—as he proved when he battled the always-dangerous Red Herring off the board at Shreveport some months ago, but, somehow, he prefers to depend upon his almost un-

canny science to take him under the wire.

Happy Harry Howard, New York light-heavy, is now domiciled in the South and under the management of Louis Crotty, expects to maintain his high standing with fandom. The lanky fellow was matched to meet Harry Greb, according to John Cox, formerly of New York City, Greb to receive $7,500 for his end, in New Orleans.



Young Lawrence, a promising lightweight from Charlestown, Va. He shows improvement with every start

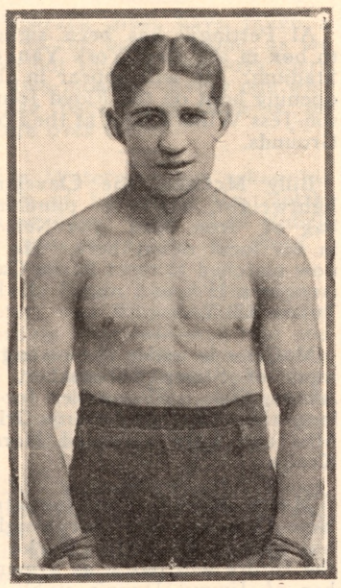
Howard's denial of this match and others supposed to have been entered into by Cox spilled the beans for Cox and Howard split company. Louis Crotty, who knows the boxing game from an inside angle, is dickering with the N. O. promoters, in the hope of landing an opponent of merit to clash with Harry. The latter surprised the wise ones in New Orleans last fall when he made Chuck Wiggins look like a truck horse over the 15-round route and although Howard unquestionably won, the referee was merciful to chuck and called a draw.

Pete Hartley, Leo Flynn's star glove merchant from the banks of the Hudson, gained Referee Wambasgans' decision over Joe Matranga, New Orleans lightweight, April 2, over 15 rounds. Four thousand fans sat through the exciting struggle and created a small sized riot when the local entry was given the losing end of the verdict. While many of the customers figured that a draw would have filled the bill, there is no question in this writer's opinion but that Matranga won. The Southerner copped the last seven rounds by wider margins than Pete had gained in the initial half-dozen and as he finished the stronger, Joe should have been declared winner. Decisions such as this—and there have been too many in Louisiana of late—cannot help but hurt the game.

Tommy Freeman, Hot Springs, Ark., is in the running for recognition as a welterweight of more than mere promise. Freeman is nineteen years of age and has had 24 battles in his home state and Memphis, Tenn., but the struggle of his brief career was on April 2 when at Shreveport, La., he made a chopping block of Dummy McKinney, Memphis, over 15 rounds. The Tennessee boxer was fancied by the fans by reason of his experience within the squared ring, but Freeman, guided by Bob Sangster, his uncle, an old timer in the game, showed skill and a punch that must carry him up the ladder to his dreamed-for goal. Although he boxed at catchweights against McKinney, this Freeman laddie can make the legitimate welter limit with ease.

CHICAGO BOXING NOTES
By ART WINCH

Charlie White, leading lightweight contender, who is to box Benny Leonard for the lightweight crown this summer, has started a campaign which he hopes will



K. O. Johnny Michaels, of Jamestown, N. Y. A leading featherweight who has fought the best men in the division with great success

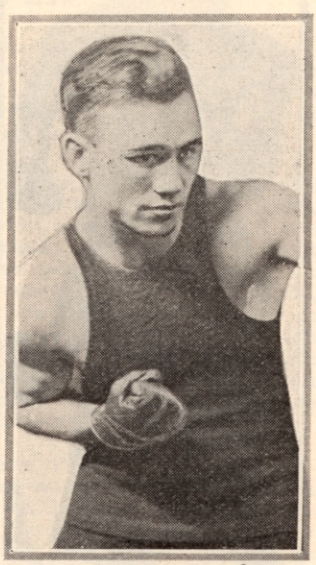
bring him back to the prestige he enjoyed last year. Jim Mullen, promoter in Chicago, is after a match with Rocky Kansas for White for his first open air show in Chicago, which will be held at the White Sox Baseball Park. If he cannot get Kansas, he will try to get Johnny Dundee, Lew Tendler, or Benny Leonard to box White, as White is a big drawing card around here. White would like to box Kansas first, as he is anxious to show his Chicago friends that he had a night off when he boxed Kansas in New York.

Frankie Genaro, flyweight champion, who defeated Bud Taylor here last month before the biggest crowd that ever turned out to see a boxing contest, is a hot favorite in the Windy City. In his first work-out in Chicago at the Ferretti's Loop Gym, a crowd turned out to see him. It was the biggest that ever watched a boxer in training here. All of the fans were well pleased with his work. Genaro is wanted here again with Harold Smith or Pal Moore for an open air bout this summer.

Jimmie Anderson, "Fighting Newsboy Junior Welterweight," who is under the management of Art Winch, trainer of Charlie White, is going great since he hooked up with Winch. He has won every fight here. He recently knocked out Frankie Stacey and defeated Mike Snyder on the same card of the Genaro-Bud Taylor bout. Anderson also scored a clean knock down for the count of eight over Snyder. Anderson is in big demand around here, as he is a good crowd pleaser, with a good punch. Winch has Charlie White teaching Anderson how to punch with his left hook.

Harold Smith, Stockyard's bantamweight, looks like a comer, as he has everything that a champion should have. He has defeated most of the boys around here without any trouble, and his manager, Buck Montgomery, is now after a match with Joe Lynch or Frankie Genaro. If one of the champions will come here and fight Smith, what a house they will draw! Smith is training daily with Charlie White, and has developed a good left hook, with a good heavy punch behind it.

Jack Eile, West Side featherweight, is well liked by boxing



Red Cap Wilson, veteran lightweight, is still making the men in his class hustle

fans around here. In his last fight with Patsy Flannigan, Eile had to quit in the fifth round because of a badly wrenched ankle. This match was on the same card with Genaro and Taylor fight in Chicago. The crowd went wild over this bout, as both boys were going at the top speed until Eile wrenched his ankle.

Sig Hart, local fight manager, has two new faces in his stable in Frankie Sinclaire, a bantam, and Sammy Berne, a lightweight. Both are from New York City. Hart is after a match with Charlie White for Sammy Berne, and a match with Joe Burman for Sinclaire.

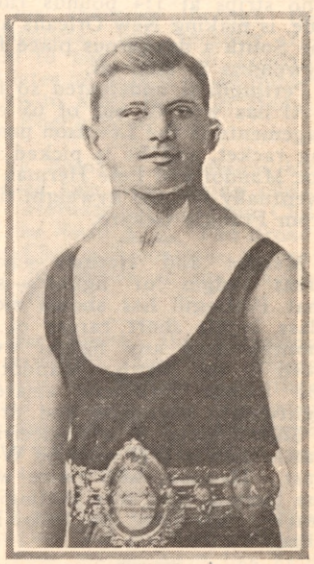
Joe O'Hara, Fort Dodge lightweight, who is under the management of Jack O'Keefe, is another boy the Chicago fans like very much. He has defeated every boy that he has met here, winning all of them by a good margin.

A most remarkable situation exists here in Chicago in regard to boxing. Legally the city hasn't the sport but actually it has it on even a better basis than most places which are commission governed. Jim Mullen is the man who turned the trick. He showed other promoters how to bring the game right out into open. In remarkably short time of two months after his first wide-open show, he staged a card of bouts at the stock yards that drew a gate of $48,000 and was attended by 10,000 fans. Police estimate that fully twice that number were outside the building trying to get in. This show took place March 19 and was featured by Champion Joe Lynch, who was defeated by Joe Burman in ten rounds.

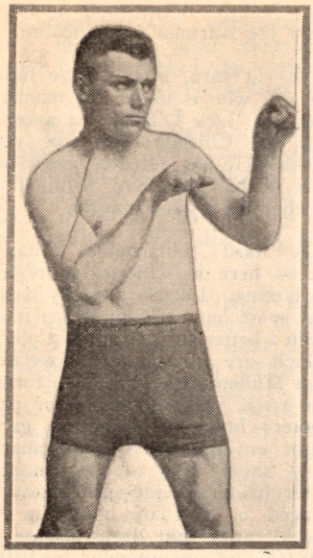
That card was just as daring a piece of promotional work as Tex Rickard ever attempted. Rickard in his recent ventures had the law and a bankroll behind him. Mullen had neither. It's something else again to put over such a show when you're broke, but Jim did it.

Frankie Garcia and Joe Burman are both recuperating from injuries. Burman will be in action again in a short time, after a month's layoff. He hurt his elbow in the Lynch bout last month. Garcia has started to do light training at Hot Springs.

The Walsh-Lewis stable has been hit by some jinx in the last two weeks, for as Tom Walsh says, his Million Dollar stable is all on the sick list. "It is not all sunshine when your stars are not boxing and the public soon forgets if they are not up and doing," says Walsh. "And just look at Joe Bur-



Joe Fox, the featherweight champion of Great Britain, who is over here looking for fights with our best feathers



Private Jaworski, of Company M, 6th Infantry, a boxer with a good army record. He is now in St. Louis

man. I have turned down over $10,000 worth of matches for him since he beat Joe Lynch and it may be the first week in May before he will put on his silk fighting trunks again.

"Eddie Anderson, my other bantam star, is sick and in Hot Springs. Bud Christiaon and Joe Welling are both at West Baden just getting over the grip, and Jock Malone, the star of the middleweights, is the hardest chap to get opponents for, in fact, I am giving match makers a bonus if they can get Mickey Walker, Dave Shade or Johnny Wilson into the ring. Billy Wells has consented to meet Malone in St. Paul on Friday the 13th, and as Malone puts it. 'It will be a bad night for the English.'"

WITH THE KNUCKLE WHIRLERS IN NEW ORLEANS

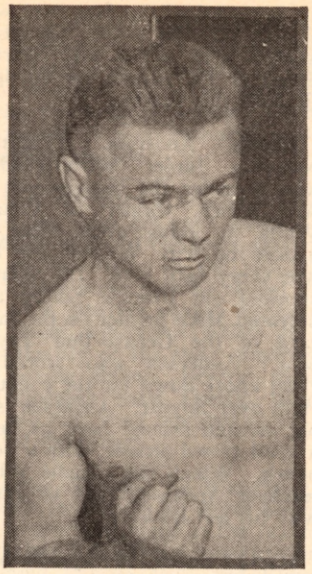
By JOHN COX

Al Pettingill, a mite of a lad, who strips at 114 pounds ringside, is making New Orleans and the South a dangerous place for flyweights to stop off.

Pettingill is undefeated so far —Al has won 62 out of 65 engagements in the Levinson pushing racket, and he is picked by Joe Mandot and Pete Herman to eventually win the flyweight title from Frankie Genaro.

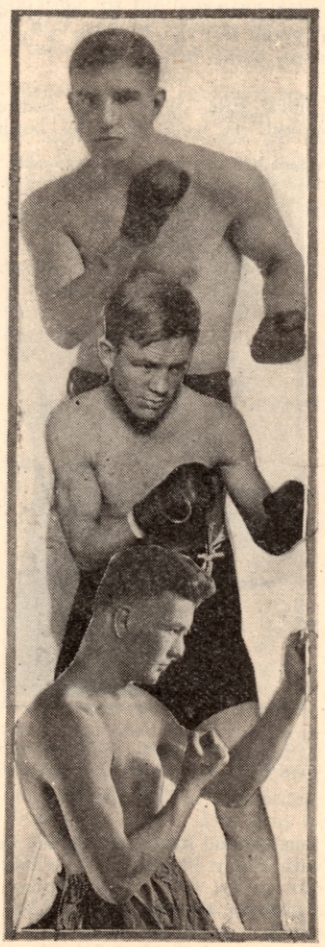
Mandot and Herman — both great judges of fighters—say that Pettingill has shown more class in his short career of 18 months than any fighter ever born in the South. Mandot is the former Southern amateur lightweight champion and drew a $22,000 house in a no-decision battle here in 1912 with Ad Wolgast. Herman, who twice won the bantam title, was Pettingill's teacher previous to becoming blind.

Pete Herman sits at the ringside every time Al fights. He cannot see, but has a friend describe every blow landed in all fights.



Johnny Buff, former flyweight and bantam champion, is preparing to re-enter the ring

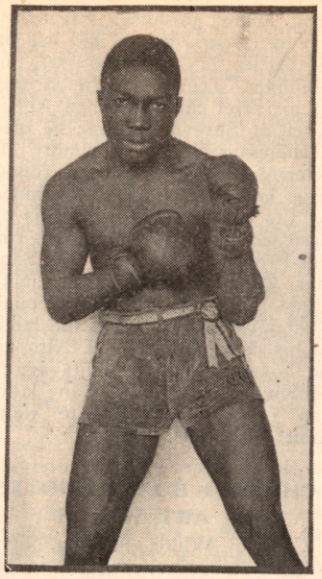
Pettingill was the first fighter to decisively lambaste Claude Wilson, the Birmingham sensation. Al knocked Claude from pillar to post in Birmingham.



Pat Walsh, promising young middleweight from Cincinnati who has joined hands with Paddy Mullins

Bud Hamilton, Denver's representative for bantamweight titular honors

Jack Delaney, the new fistic sensation from Bridgeport, who has made good in New York by his victories over Italian Joe Gans and Augie Ratner



Senior Rojas, champion welterweight of Chili, who is doing fine work in the Panama Canal Zone

Al Pettingill has been signed to box in the New York Yankee Stadium. He will appear in the opening bout on the Floyd Johnson-Jess Willard bout at the Polo Grounds.

Billy McCann, the Cleveland lightweight, made a punching bag of "Iron Man" Joe Nelson in his local debut here. He is now matched to meet Basile Galiano in a 15-round match at the Tulane Club, April 9.

McCann is under the management of Shoey Shoemaker, of Akron, Ohio. Shoemaker for a long time handled Johnny Griffiths and later managed Harry Krohn.

Marty Burke, the elongated New Orleans light-heavyweight, has packed his duds. Burke in the future will battle as a member of Jimmy Dunn's stable in New York. There is talk of Burke meeting Luis Firpo in the Garden.

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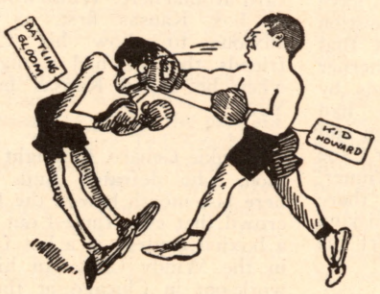

Out - of - town boxers are invited to train at Kid Howard's Famous Arcade Gymnasium.

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Marty Burke's last local battle was a hummer. He conceded Farmer Lodge 40 pounds and knocked Lodge down. Burke won all the way in the 15 rounds. Lodge is the St. Paul Farmer who broke Paul Sampson's jaw in Madison Square Garden.

The draw decision handed Basile Galiano in the Johnny Dundee fight here recently was one of the worst decisions ever rendered in New Orleans. Dundee won 12 of the 15 rounds and had Galiano out in the closing rounds. Galiano's remarkable exhibition of gameness is all that kept Basile on his feet to the limit.

Young Denny, the New Orleans veteran welterweight, plans a trip to New York. Denny has met and defeated some of the best big men in the country. He is under the management of his brother, Paul Lacroix.

Eddie Coulon, the Southern bantamweight champion, who holds a referee's decision over Memphis Pal Moore and who has boxed and defeated some of the best bantams in America, leaves for New York early the latter part of March.

Coulon is one of the cleverest bantams in the game and figures to win many engagements in Gotham.

Tony Polozzollo, who trained Pete Herman for all of his important fights, has returned from New York, where he handled Pal Moran in the Tendler battle. Moran is also a recent arrival to his home town.

PACIFIC COAST GOSSIP
By GEORGE HUSSEY

Joe Benjamin, as good a lightweight as there is in any man's town, is about ready to start for the East. He has run out of customers here. Phil Salvidore holds the only decision against him and the return match will pack any house. Joe will welcome it.

The Hollywood American Legion Stadium is turning them away at every show. Frank Crowley, the matchmaker, makes the boys fight and that is what the fans pay to see. Crowley intends to enlarge the arena to seat ten thousand.

Jack Dempsey, the King of them all, has been working out daily. He is in the best of condition.

All this talk about Jim Jeffries being broke is bunk. Jim still counts his office buildings every night before going home.

One of the old-time stars, Jack Root, just cannot keep away from the bouts. Jack seldom misses a show. He is a fan and a good one. He is well off, hence the wolves will have hard picking at the old boy's door.

Barney Fagen, who is touring the Orpheum circuit with the "Stars of Yesterday," is a thirty-third degree fight fan. He delights to tell about the old-timers, George Dixon, Young Griffo, Jack McAuliff and many others of days gone by. Who doesn't like to talk about those FIGHTERS?

Johnny Reisler, John the Barber's Boy, is doing very well out here. He is boxing boys many pounds heavier than himself, but he says a few pounds is nothing among friends.

Larney Lichtenstein, the grand old man of the promoting and managing game, is in our fair city. He took in the Coffroth Handicap at Tia Juana recently. Larney looked at the card and wanted to know how many rounds they were going. Hoss racing is not in Larney's book.

One whole month has passed without some champion being gipped out of his title by the Boxing Commission. How come?

Australia must have taken a flop in the boxing game, as we have not shipped any boys there for two months. Every one who comes back says there is no dough over there.

Joe Waterman has taken his stable of boxers to the North. He is doing well. Bud Ridley has won every start up there.

Jack Doyle, the Vernon promoter, was surprised the other morning when informed that one of his new oil wells came in with six thousand barrels per day. Poor fellow. That makes six wells all working a twenty-four hour shift.

Kid McCoy, Leach Cross, Spike Robson, Tom Kennedy and many of the old-timers are all well and send their regards to dear old Broadway.

Bud Ridley sprang quite a surprise when he knocked out Joe Gorman in two rounds. Gorman had not been stopped or knocked out in his career after having fought all of the top-notchers out here. Some time ago he went East and fought many good battles there.

Ray Pelkey is boxing in better form now than he ever did. He simply smothered Tom King, the Australian, with punches the other night, and may be matched to meet Jack Reeves.

Joe Ford, the North Beach manager, has taken over the rein of Dick Elia, a good lightweight. Elia fought some good battles here, and although he was beaten he was given a good reception by the fans when he left the ring.

Buck Holley's last show at Stockton brought out a large throng of fans, and all the bouts on the card were good. Gene Cline won the decision over Jimmy Marcus in the feature bout. Cline had a hard fight on his hands, however, and many fans thought Marcus earned a draw.

Billy Shade, Pacific Coast light-heavyweight fighter, arrived at San Francisco recently from New York. He returns from the East with a record of twelve victories and four defeats. He weighs about 166 pounds in condition and his manager, Frank Tabor, will try to book him up for a fight at Oakland in the near future. Shade has not fought on the Coast in three years.

Jake Stahl, veteran San Diego lightweight boxer, arrived here several days ago. Stahl is considered one of the best boys of his poundage in the South region, and will try to catch on at one of the local clubs.

UPPER NEW YORK STATE NEWS

Ray Graham, Jamestown welterweight, who a few years ago gained the judges' decision over Frankie Schoell, has gone back quite a bit. Jimmy Slattery, Buffalo's fast rising star, was the latest to give Graham a licking and take the judges' verdict in a match at the Broadway Auditorium in Buffalo on February 19th.

Fighting under the auspices of the Elks Club in Utica, K. O. Johnny Michaels of Jamestown and Art Wander of Buffalo fought through eight fast rounds to a draw.

Charles Triano of Newark received the judges' decision over K. O. Johnny Michaels after ten fast rounds of fighting at the Arena in Syracuse.

Chief Halftown, Tommy Moore's red-skin glove wielder, ran into some hard luck and was knocked out in two straight bouts within eight days. On February 26th at Troy, N. Y., Halftown was knocked out in one round by Tommy Robson of Boston, while on March 5th in Buffalo Halftown was again knocked out by Jack Oakes, the Omaha negro boxer.

Jack Pry of Salamanca, another one of Tommy Moore's boxers, lost the verdict to Jimmy Slattery of Buffalo. Slattery seems to have the Indian sign on Moore's glove wielders.

Augie Carlson, Jamestown amateur middleweight boxer, defeated Mike Wallace, Cleveland's fighting conductor in the tournament staged at Moose Hall, Cleveland, on March 9th. Carlson is planning on turning professional and is confident of taking the measure of the majority of glove wielders at his weight in the pro ranks.

Tommy Moore, Jamestown's manager of boxers, is planning on reopening the boxing game in some Pennsylvania cities just across the New York line. Moore is figuring on running them in Titusville and probably Oil City. The Jamestown fistic impressario is well known to the fans in the Keystone State, who have confidence in him and bound to patronize the fistic cards that Moore offers them.

TORONTO, CANADA, NOTES
By C. W. Smith

Ted Joyce, Canada's best bantamweight and champion of the Dominion at his weight, is going along great these days. Ted is one of the best punchers in the bantam division and he is knocking out as many fighters as Carl Tremaine. Joyce is only a kid and coming fast. He has not had the ring experience that Tremaine has, but nevertheless he boxed the hard hitting Clevelander at London, Can., and there was little to choose between the pair at the finish; in fact, Tremaine was a very tired boy at the end of the tenth round.

Joyce stopped Al Corbett, Jimmy Dunn's other bantam, in four rounds at Pittsburgh a few weeks ago. He also beat Morgan Pugh, the Welsh bantam, who recently came to this country. Joyce did not knock out Pugh, but he had him down for four long counts.

Other good boys that Joyce has stopped this season are Bobby Dyson of New Bedford, Mass.; Phil O'Dowd of Columbus and Joe Cotter of Philadelphia. Joyce also whipped Eddie O'Dowd in Youngstown, Ohio.

Bobby Eber, the Hamilton, Ont., bantam, lost to Curley Wilshur at the Gayety Theatre here on March 26. Eber gave away a lot of weight, but knew what he was doing when the match was made. Wilshur is a heavy featherweight, but this is no time to make excuses for Eber, who has been getting away with plenty over here.

Eber, by the way, says he is the Canadian bantam champion and disputes Joyce's claims to the title, but he will not get in the ring with Joyce. He does all his shouting through the newspapers, but recently refused to box Joyce in Toronto and later on passed up an opportunity to meet Joyce in Hamilton, Eber's home town.

The Boxing Commission has licensed two new boxing clubs, the International Sporting Club and the Rudd A. C. The Broadway Club will continue to conduct its shows at the Gayety Theatre.

Tiger Smith, the Hamilton welterweight, lost to Jimmy Slattery at Buffalo and then turned around and defeated Frankie Bull, the Toronto junior welterweight, at Hamilton before a big crowd.

It's too bad about Bull. This youngster had good possibilities, but poor management has kept him from going to the front. Frank had plenty of natural ability and should have made a lot of money out of the prize ring.

NEW ENGLAND NOTES
By BILL McNULTY

Sambo Langford is afflicted with the wanderlust. The former Boston Tar Baby has been making his headquarters in different cities during the past five years, including Boston, New York City, Chicago, Portland, Ore., San Francisco, Los Angeles, Kansas City and now he's living at El Paso, Tex. Over the river

Ashton Donza, former National Amateur Bantamweight Champion, who is regarded with much favor in New Orleans

and he's in Mexico, where the Mexican joy juice is cheap and plentiful.

Terry Martin of Providence is hitting a fast clip these days. Martin has been battling in the ring for many years, and although he is considered somewhat of a veteran, he is showing improvement now over his performances of two years ago. Martin has a brother, Harry Martin, who boxes as a featherweight.

Eddie Shevlin of Boston looks good to relieve Mickey Walker of his coveted crown in the welterweight ranks. That is, if Mickey's manager will permit his charge to combat the Dartmouth instructor. Shevlin is now showing better than he ever did. Indications are that it is either Shevlin or Dave Shade to meet Walker in Boston in an open-air contest during the early summer, providing Mickey and his cohorts will not demand the state house for Walker's ring efforts.

Old Shubert has announced his retirement as a walloper within the ring. The New Bedford featherweight has decided that he is getting too old for active ring work, but Al may reconsider, as usual, with ringsters. Later—Al will continue to batter the younger fry for another decade.

Pal Moore of Memphis used to be a frequent visitor to New England, particularly when he boxed Young Britt and Al Shubert of New Bedford in Boston. Moore is still looking well in the bantamweight division, although he seems to be eliminated for possibilities in the championship.

BUFFALO BOXING NOTES
By Hugh Shannon

Tommy Ryan, the little McKeesport bantam star, who makes Buffalo his home, is laid up with a broken collar bone, but will soon be able to box again. He broke the bone in a contest with Frankie Daly of Staten Island, whom he defeated with one hand, winning the judges' decision at Lynn, Mass.

Ryan has been going top form. He won the referee's decision over Irish Johnny Curtin before Tremaine did and then licked Harry London, Abe Goldstein, Chick Suggs, etc. He gave Larry Goldberg quite a licking at Providence, but the referee called the scrap a draw. The newspapers were unanimous in giving Ryan credit for a knockout in the eighth round, but when Goldberg claimed foul Ryan gave him a rest and took him on again for four additional rounds. The official decision was a draw, but you ought to read the Providence newspapers and see the panning the referee got for his guess work.

Tommy Moore down in Jamestown is going to operate again. He will conduct open air fights at Celoron,, a nearby summer resort of Jamestown.

Frankie Schoell, Buffalo's entry for welterweight honors, is still winning steadily. Frankie lost an official decision to Bermondsey Billy Wells in Omaha, but it was the second decision Frankie lost in nearly two years, which is going some. Dave Shade was the gent who defeated Schoell before this and about a year ago Schoell won a judges' decision over Shade, which makes things about even.

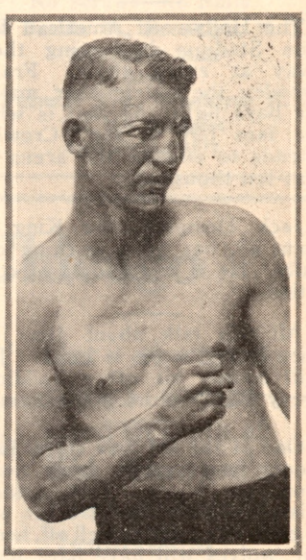
Rocky Kansas has been doing little since the White fight. It is likely that Rocky will wait for some big shots this summer before engaging in any important bouts, although it is said the little Italian has dozens of offers.

Teddy Meyers is quite a card here this season. He has boxed Jimmy Goodrich twice, Sid Barberian, Harry Cook twice, and Charlie O'Donnell twice, and every time the house has been packed.

Jimmy Slattery, a First Ward boy, is looking better every fight. He is only about 18 and is now boxing as a welterweight, although he is sure to develop into a middleweight or light-heavyweight.

Open air boxing is a sure thing for Buffalo this coming summer. Two clubs and maybe three will be in the field. The fight game never was in better shape here. If the promoters keep on furnishing good matches there is no reason why the big crowds should not continue.

Jimmy Goodrich, who won back the junior lightweight championship from Teddy Meyers, was beaten by Sid Barberian in Detroit, while Meyers defeated Barberian in Buffalo.



Tommy O'Brien, Milwaukee lightweight, who has challenged Benny Leonard

A NEW FEATURE

Baseball has its statisticians. These compilers of records delve into every phase of our national pastime, with the result that the history of this sport and the deeds of the diamond heroes are kept intact for future generations.

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Managers and boxers are warned against sending us results of no-decision contests chalked up as victories. Such contests should be recorded as no-decision, otherwise the complete record will be thrown out.

WRESTLING RESULTS

March

12—Winnipeg:
Jack Taylor beat Paul Martinson, two out of three falls.

14—Tulsa, Okla.:
Ed Strangler Lewis beat Cliff Brinckley, straight falls.

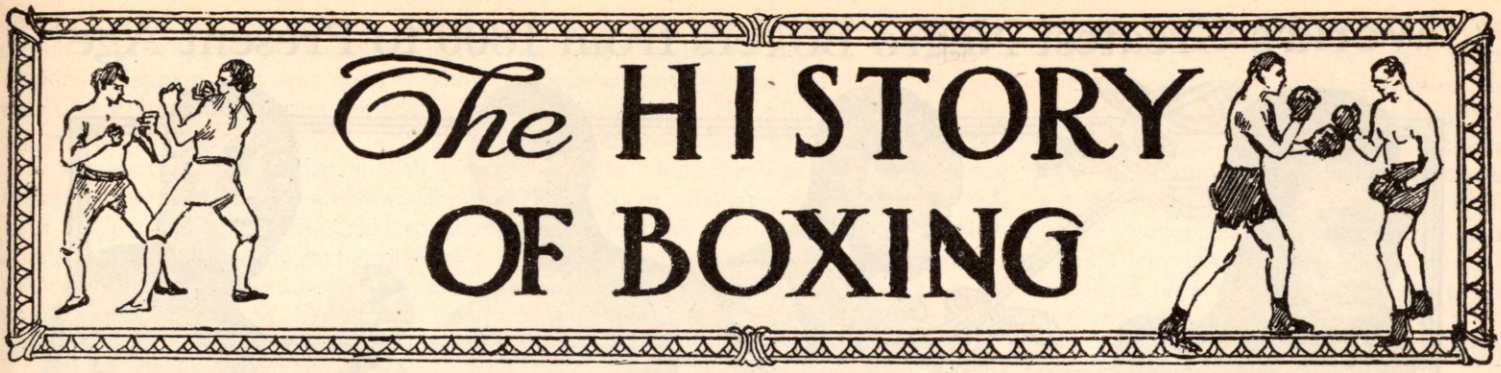
14—Portland, Ore.:
Ted Thye beat Tarro Miyake, straight falls.

16—Boise, Idaho:
Joe Stecher beat Farm Bailey two straight falls.

22—Los Angeles, Cal.:
Johnny Meyers beat William Perumean in straight falls.

April

3—Chicago:
Ed Strangler Lewis defeated Renato Gardini, straight falls.



The Rise of Irish Boxers—First Continental Tour of Pugilists—New National Heroes Crowned

This Is the Fifteenth of a Series on the History of Pugilism

By NAT FLEISCHER

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THE death of Bill Richmond in 1829 temporarily acted as a setback for the black race, but not for many years. As was mentioned previously, the negroes have produced many ring generals in the last 100 years, but most of these thrived during what might be termed the modern period of boxing.

Of the old-timers, the greatest was James Wharton, the Morocco Prince, otherwise known as Young Molineaux. Wharton has the unique distinction of being the only negro to retire unbeaten, among his victims being the mighty Hammer Lane Bob Travers, who fought Jem Mace in three rings and died only a few years ago at a very advanced age, was another of the great negroe boxers.

Of the negroes who have made ring history during the modern era, probably the greatest, is Peter Jackson. Peter never could be induced to meet an opponent in a bare knuckle contest, but was ever ready to tackle John L. Sullivan in a glove tilt. An idea of the prowess of Jackson was gained from the following:

Jem Smith and Jake Kilrain fought 105 rounds to a draw in a bare knuckle contest, yet it took Jackson only two rounds to dispose of Smith in a glove contest and it took Sullivan 75 rounds to beat Kilrain. Slavin cut Kilrain into ribbons in nine rounds and then was hammered into submission by Jackson in ten rounds. Jackson was a true disciple of the Jem Mace School of Boxing. He relied wholly upon straight hitting to bring him victory.

It is said that the weakest spot in a black man's anatomy is his stomach, but whether this was so in Jackson's case is hard to tell because no one ever was able to land an effective blow to that part of his body. Jackson used to kill a stomach punch by shooting out a straight left and at the same time had a knack of sucking in his india rubber stomach, so that it almost reached his backbone. Not even Jim Corbett could reach his stomach and anything Corbett couldn't reach was unhitable.

Going further down the line among the heavies we find such stars as George Godfrey and Craig, but the greatest of the most modern negroes is Jack Johnson. In the case of Johnson it is difficult to give him full credit for his ring mastery because of the fact that he was pitted against men much smaller than himself in his most important and famous battles and when pitted against a man his size and with equal strength, he engaged in a fake, as he himself publicly acknowledged.

Of the other big fellows among the negro heavyweights—I refer to Joe Jeannette, Sam Langford and Sam McVey—Langford holds the top rank. Langford was the one fighter Jack Johnson always feared. When Jack won the championship nothing could induce him to give Sam a chance to win the crown.

McVey and Jeannette were great fighters in their prime. Joe is still alive and is one of the greatest seconds in the country, while poor Sam died a little over a year ago in poverty. Prepared for a pauper's grave, it was Jack Johnson, who, just out of prison, came to the rescue and paid the funeral expenses of the man who helped considerably put France on the fighting map. It will be remembered that one of the hardest and longest fights in ring history of the past generation was fought by Joe Jeannette and McVey. The contest lasted thirty-nine rounds and was fought in Paris with Jeannette the victor.

As for the negroes in classes other than the heavyweight division, the writer already has fully reviewed the life of George Dixon, Joe Gans and Joe Walcott, men who have gained everlasting fame in the history of boxing. At some future date we shall go more into detail and discuss the greatest fights of these wonderful battlers.

With Richmond and Molineaux out of the way, the names of the native boxers once more gained the limelight in English print and the "foreigners" were almost forgotten. With the passing of Richmond as an active ring contestant, the name of George Cooper, one of England's great champion, came to the fore. It was in the year 1812 that the boxing world went into ectasy over a newcomer, this novice being Cooper. Fighting his first battle at Combe Sarren with Harry Lancaster, Cooper beat his opponent in seventeen and a half minutes and showed such marked steadiness, wonderful shifting, splendid use of both hands and quickness and severity of returns, that he won the admiration of all. He derived fame in his first bout and commanded the respect of his followers throughout his career.

The period which we have entered was marked by the rise of a school of Irish boxers, headed by the great Dan Donnelly, and for the second time in English boxing history, a menace appeared across the horizon which England had to repel. The first menace, as we have seen, was in the attempt of the American negroes, Tom Molineaux and Bill Richmond, to relieve

World's Greatest Negro Boxers from 1800 to Present Age

1—*Bill Richmond*
2—*Bob Armstrong*
3—*Peter Jackson*
4—*Jack Johnson*
5—*Frank Craig*
6—*George Godfrey*
7—*Joe Jeannette*
8—*Tom Molineaux*
9—*Young Peter Jackson*
10—*Sam Langford*
11—*Harry Wills*
12—*George Dixon*
13—*Joe Walcott*
14—*Joe Gans*
15—*Sam McVey*

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the British of a championship, and the second was in the rise of Donnelly, a pure-blooded Irishman who was soon to show that Old Erin stood supreme in the fighting world.

It was shortly after his battle with Tom Oliver to whom he lost and two bouts with Fuller, that Cooper decided to take a trip to Scotland, where he opened a school for boxing and received many pupils for his course in the "Art of Self-Defense." Just as Molineaux spread the gospel of the ring in Ireland where he introduced the sport in the northern part during his tour, so Cooper spread it over Scotland where he gained many followers. The Scotch, more so than the Irish, were eager to see actual ring combat, and they finally induced Cooper and Molineaux to engage in a bout, the first big ring contest on record in Scotland.

This contest took place on March 10,

TOM SHELTON.

1815, and only twenty minutes after its start, the negro was subdued. He could scarcely leave the knee of his second and was floored for the knockout punch soon after the round began. It was this fight that finally convinced Molineaux that his days were over.

As was only natural, the tours of Molineaux and Cooper resulted in the display of interest in boxing such as has not been known since the days of Gentleman John Jackson. Wherever Molineaux and Cooper displayed their wares the pugilistic art spread like wildfire and soon in hamlets where the sport was scarcely known, there sprung up pugilists who soon became heroes among their people.

Chief among the national heroes developed through these tours, was Dan Donnelly, who almost overnight, became the greatest pugilistic character of a century so far as Ireland was concerned. Ireland has had many famous fistic battlers, names that cannot be mentioned without bringing up some of the world's greatest contests, but none has received the recognition with which Dan Donnelly has been honored. Cooper in this contest with Donnelly was defeated on the Curragh of Kildare on December 13, 1815, thus for the first time in English boxing history, a world's heavyweight champion existed who was other than an Englishman. Of this great battle and its effect on international boxing, we shall devote considerable space in a subsequent chapter, as it deserves a position by itself in the history of pugilism.

In June, 1816, Cooper returned to England, but finding no opposition, went back the following year to his school in Scotland, where he again was treated royally by his patrons, who loved his style of milling. Cooper rendered himself an object of attraction among the Scotch because of his splendid deportment and his superior ability as a fighter. He also was well liked as a teacher, hence thrived in his new home.

Finding no adversaries in England or Scotland, Cooper decided to pick up some easy change on the continent and in 1818, in company with Carter and Bob Gregson, he went to Aix-la-Chapelle on the first continental trip recorded in the History of Boxing. These three exhibited their skill before royalty, including Prince Metternich, Prince Charles of Prussia, the Prince de Solma and Russian and Prussian generals and foreign noblemen who filled every nook and corner of the hall.

Their wonderful success, the marked enthusiasm of the spectators, the splendid spirit of greeting which was accorded them throughout France, caused this trio of adventurers to decide on an extension of their trip to include Belgium and they accordingly went on to Liege and then to Cambray, Valenciennes and thence to Paris.

Strange as it may seem, it is interesting to note that Carter, Cooper and Gregson did not meet each other in bare knuckle contests.They fought with huge padded gloves such as are now in use in training.

Unlike the tours made by John L. Sullivan, Jim Jeffries, and other noted American pugilists, who drew crowds wherever they went, the continental trip of Carter, Cooper and Gregson, in the parlance of the modern writer, was a complete frost. Other than the wonderful reception received at the hands of the nobility in Paris, this trio exhibited before a mere handful of spectators in Aix-la-Chapelle and Liege. A report of their first exhibition in Aix-la-Chapelle where Carter met Cooper and then Carter tackled Gregson, a French paper has the following comment:

"Yesterday there was a grand exhibition of boxing by English boxers. This hideous spectacle drew only a few persons. The two English champions, Carter and Cooper, built like Hercules and naked to the waist, entered the ring their hands guarded by huge padded gloves. One might think that he beheld the ancient athletic games of Greece and Rome. After a severe contest, one of the boxers, more adroit than his rival, struck him so violent a blow on the breast that he fell and victory was thus decided."

When Cooper returned to England, he was shunned by most of his profession because of the extreme jealousy caused by his reception by the court of Europe. He reopened his school, but found that inactivity worked havoc with mind and body and decided to engage in several more fistic encounters.

His principal one was with Tom Shel-

GEORGE COOPER.

ton whom he beat in thirty-four minutes, this being his best battle in the "comeback" period. Thereafter he fought several other minor contests and finally retired after being subdued by Ned Baldwin in July, 1825. This was his last appearance in the ring. He died, respected by all, on February 14, 1834, when 43 years of age.

KID SOCKO

(*Continued from page* 4)

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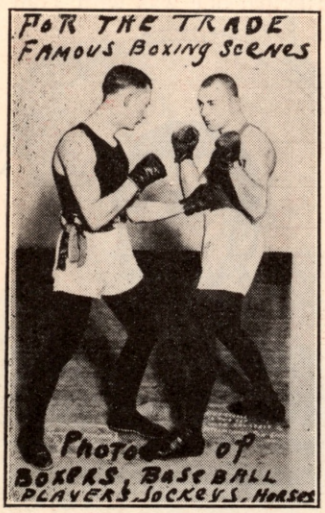

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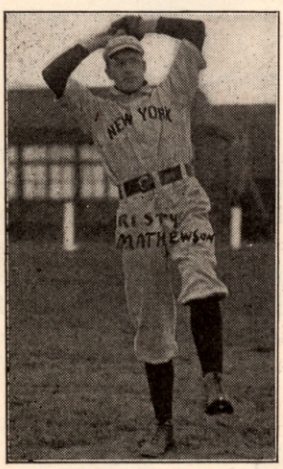

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